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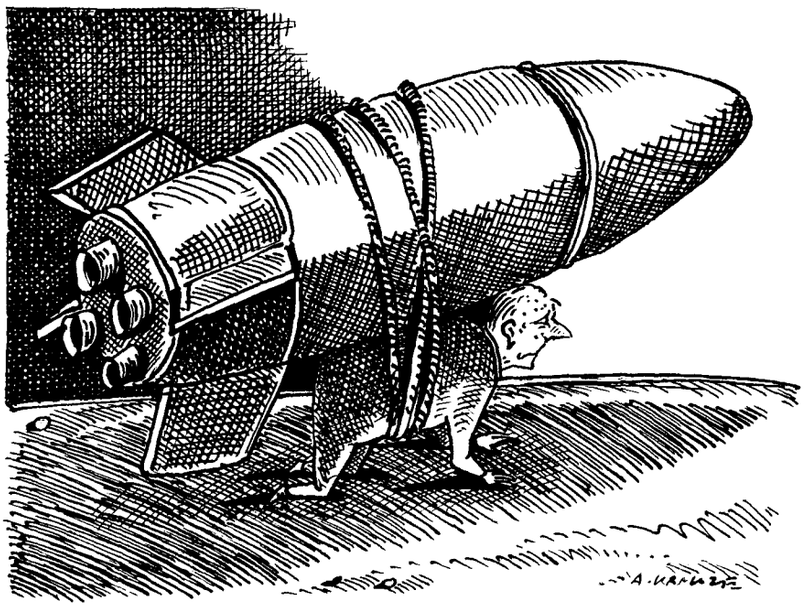
EDITORIAL

Nuclear confusions

Labour is once again divided over the nuclear issue. What's the way out?



You could be forgiven for not realising it, but the nuclear issue is not important solely because it might lose Labour the next election, or even Dr John Cunningham his parliamentary seat at Sellafield. It is also the most profound moral issue in the world. The wastes from nuclear industry — civil and military — are irretrievably poisoning the environment with incalculable consequences for life on this planet and nuclear war could at any time destroy the human and all other species.

This isn't a coded way of condemning Neil Kinnock for rethinking Labour's defence policy, if indeed that's what he has been doing. Everyone who is concerned to do what actually rests within Britain's means to bring the nuclear power industry here to an end, to remove Europe's dependency on nuclear arms, to discourage nuclear proliferation and to influence the superpower disarmament process ought in all conscience to consider what policies are most likely to bring all these vital objectives about.

But it *is* to argue that this is the perspective within which everyone who wants to get rid of nuclear weapons ought to approach the public debate. It ought not to be forever entangled in the public's mind with the internal wranglings and electoral prospects of a single political party. Moreover, this is a critical moment in the history of Europe. The cold war divisions could now be healed and the whole continent relieved of its ominous weight of armaments, conventional as well as nuclear. Or a new west European chauvinism, with Mrs Thatcher in the lead, could perpetuate those divisions and increase west Europe's nuclear capacity.

Neil Kinnock did little in that notorious television interview to raise public awareness of the momentous issues which the media conceal in their quite natural interest in his embarrassed desire to get his party off the nuclear hook. John Lloyd praises Kinnock for exploring the balance of forces within Labour with a cleverly ambiguous exposition of his shift from unilateralism (see page 27). But you could equally well argue that the ambiguities made Labour look as confused over defence as in Michael Foot's unhappy time, and have now left it looking as divided. Nor did it do much for Kinnock's own image to be pursued like a fox through the thickets of his verbiage.

The substance of what he seemed to say was as disturbing. Unilateralism is not enough. But Kinnock's "something for something" seems to be a pro-rata reduction in the Soviet nuclear stockpile in return for Britain's renunciation of nuclear arms. That's the kind of nonsense which Mrs Thatcher could gobble up for breakfast. If he is going to borrow from Ben Pimlott's thoughtful *New Statesman* column of 3 June, then he might as well take on board the argument as well as the "something for nothing" phrase (see Letters).

Pimlott argued that unilateral gestures can bring about real progress in multilateral negotiations. Labour should therefore announce in advance that it would be prepared to take a lead of this kind from within Nato. But the unilateral gesture would require a response. "For the purists there would be a sacrifice — though only if the renunciation of all (Britain's) nuclear weapons, regardless of response, continues to be seen as an option," he wrote. "The gain would be a believable promise to turn Britain from the most hawkish member of the western alliance into the most doveish."

But this is perhaps the time to float yet another course for Labour which includes elements of Pimlott's approach. Labour could go to the electorate with the declared intention of pursuing a non-nuclear defence strategy for this country within a framework of multilateral negotiations in Europe. The aim would be to work for a Europe which had far fewer conventional forces as well as no nuclear arms. But Labour could retain the commitment to renunciation of nuclear arms by Britain and make it subject to a referendum.

This course has many potential advantages. The renunciation of nuclear arms is a sovereign decision: it cannot be taken without the demonstrable assent of a majority of the people. If the commitment to a referendum is not given, then the crucial political debate over nuclear disarmament takes place under a government which is prepared unscrupulously to abuse its propaganda powers and would finally be resolved in the confused tumult of a general election campaign.

By contrast, a referendum would come after a period of government and the pursuit of overall reductions in arms and tensions in Europe. The government of the day could quite legitimately throw all its authority into the campaign, but could also count on many other persuasive voices from all walks of life to join in and lift it above the merely party political.

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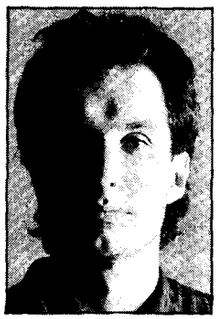
DIARY



Sean French

As Britain is gradually turned into an enormous theme park, the re-christening of the National Theatre as the Royal National Theatre strikes me as rather symbolic. By an irony that has not yet been commented on, the man best qualified to appreciate this is the theatre's new director, Richard Eyre.

One of Eyre's major achievements is the movie, *The Ploughman's Lunch*, which he directed from a script by Ian McEwan. The film was made at the time of the Falklands War and its subject is the manipulation of tradition for cynical political or commercial purposes. The film's title was itself an example of this, the famous pub lunch that sounds traditional but was actually invented by advertising copywriters in the sixties as part of a campaign to encourage people to eat in pubs.

The Royal National Theatre has a similar immemorial feel to it, a quality that it is felt will make it more attractive to the private sponsors and the tourists, on whom it is coming increasingly to rely. As the outgoing director, Peter Hall, explained in a recent television interview, private patrons are a choosy bunch, and it's not just nasty modern stuff they object to. Alan Ayckbourn's current production of John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* failed to attract a sponsor because businesses didn't want to be associated with a play that had the word "whore" in the title.

When our real heritage is like that, no wonder it's better to make one up. This is a a good subject for a play: perhaps Richard Eyre could commission Ian McEwan to write it.

A historic cultural event occurred in New York at the beginning of last month. I may seem to have been a bit slow in bringing you the news but unfortunately my subscription copy of the *New Yorker* appears to be delivered across the Pole by carrier penguin and it takes about five weeks to reach me.

In the issue of 9 May there was a moderately funny cartoon by Charles Addams. The mother of the "Addams family" is standing by an open trapdoor in her kitchen with a man who has apparently come to read the meter. "At the bottom of the steps, turn right. The meter is on the far wall," she says as the man looks nervously down into the cobwebbed gloom out of which two eyes are staring menacingly back.

Not one of Addams's classics but it marks the return of the Addams family to the magazine after an enforced hiatus of almost a quarter of a century. The reason for this is that the *New Yorker* under its previous editor, William Shawn, was the most finnicky, or, one might say, principled, magazine in the world. There was a rule for example that members of the advertising department were not permitted to communicate with members of the editorial department for fear of commercial corruption. Books by *New Yorker* contributors were never reviewed.

Charles Addams had been using his family in cartoons since the thirties (such as the famous example where the family are gathered on the roof of their gothic house, pouring boiling oil on carol singers below). In 1964 the characters were turned into a television comedy show, *The Addams Family*. Other magazines would have made this the basis of an advertising campaign. William Shawn decided that it would be wrong for the magazine to run material associated with television and he immediately banned the family from the magazine.

The prohibition remained in force even when the TV series was cancelled in the following year. But last year William Shawn, still hale in his mid eighties, was fired by the magazine's new owners. Even for seasoned *New Yorker* watchers the subsequent changes have been barely perceptible. There are still no photographs and no four-letter words but a pop music correspondent has been appointed, some sexier advertisements have been permitted, and, the most decisive sign of glasnost on West 43rd street so far, the Addams family are back in the fold.

Readers of book review pages in the newspapers are sometimes puzzled by the disproportionate space that is given to biographies. A simple explanation is that they lend themselves to an easygoing anecdotal style of review. A novel or a collection of poems demands a certain strenuous engagement but a biography can provide an excuse for anything from an essay about its subject to a few anecdotes culled from the book. This is an especial vice of the more entertaining reviewers. I was browsing through John Carey's collection of articles the other day and in bulk the technique becomes transparent. His notices on biographies of E M Forster, G K Chesterton and Robert Lowell are scarcely reviews at all but rather jocose précis of the subject's life, picking out the more absurd details, with a paragraph, or a couple of sentences, devoted to an assessment of the book.

I mention this because our books editor, Tony Gould, has brought to my attention the *reductio ad absurdum* of this technique in the current issue of the *Literary Review*. The cover illustration announces a review of a new biography of Bertrand Russell. However, when the Penguin advertising department turn to George Stern's 1400–word review of *Bertrand Russell: A Political Life* by Alan Ryan they will find it rather short of extractable quotes, since it is nothing more than an amble through Russell's career which contains no mention either of Ryan or the book.

One of the pleasurable surprises looking at last week's first issue of the *New Statesman and Society* was to find myself, as it were, on top of Roger Woddis. Amid the vaguely festive tone and the generally favourable response to the merger from outside the magazine, it was bracingly pleasurable to have at least one spectre at the feast, Woddis at his sour best, sarcastically welcoming *New Society* to Perseverance Works.

A previous victim of Woddis's acerbity was my father, Philip French, when he favourably reviewed Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter*, commenting, with a degree of provocation, that it was "neither a political nor a polemical film". Woddis responded with a poem, "To a Non–Political Film Critic", of which I remember only the line which said that if the critic were to be shown Auschwitz, "You'd call the ovens well designed."

I always enjoy a good public row in the pages of the press, but sadly the only result of this one was that my father, who had been a regular contributor to the magazine, never wrote for it again. Now I am here, like the vengeful son in an ancient Greek tragedy. However, I am not going to revenge myself on Woddis—that would be too quick and easy. Instead, I shall merely weigh down on him over the coming months.

ROGER WODDIS
Colour it blue

According to a source close to the Prime Minister, "She quite likes dirty jokes"

Yes, I quite like dirty stories
(So Her Naughtyship confides);
I can't bear dividing Tories,
But I love to split my sides.
I enjoy those clever Ronnies
And the magic Daniels show,
But what really turns me on is
Something filthy, lewd and low.

I like jokes to do with bonking,
Though in this I'm not alone:
Smutty jokes get Norman honking,
Nigel giggles at his own.
Nick prefers a dirty postcard,
Ken, a book he's keen to flog,
Paul is into "Hello, coastguard."
(God knows what delights Rees-Mogg.)

Though my critics call me icy,
I'm more human than you think;
Tell me stories blue and spicy,
And you'll find I'm tickled pink.
But in Cabinet and after,
When they're well and truly boozed,
As the object of their laughter
We are frankly *not* amused.

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Frank Spooner Pictures

Olof Palme and his wife Lisbeth six months before his assassination

MI6, Whistleblowers in Baltic Battle

Sweden was embroiled in a major political scandal last week following the leak in Stockholm's *Expressen* newspaper of a letter addressed to the British Secret Service. The leak has led to the resignation of Justice Minister Anna-Greta Leijon. Ironically, she was due to attend an international Scandinavian "Freedom Prize" award ceremony last Sunday — which, even more ironically, was dedicated to celebrating the "moral courage" of Swedish and other whistleblowers and sponsored by the *Expressen*'s sister paper *Daghens Nyheter*.

Ms Leijon, who unsurprisingly chose not to appear at the weekend, is the third successive Swedish Justice Minister to leave her post in a series of scandals surrounding the investigation of the 1986 assassination of Prime Minister Olof Palme. She now faces allegations that the long-governing Swedish Social Democratic Party has been operating a system of extra-governmental intelligence institutions. The key figure in the Swedish "Contragate" is former leading Social Democrat Ebbe Carlsson, a book publisher who runs a private intelligence organisation. Just before the letter was made public, Swedish customs officials had arrested one of Carlsson's personal bodyguards who had been trying to smuggle electronic surveillance equipment into Stockholm from Germany.

Leijon's letter, a copy of which has been obtained by *NSS*, is dated 4 May and originally classifed "Hemlig" (secret). It asks MI6 to help Carlsson investigate the still-unsolved riddle of Palme's murder. Addressed to "the relevant British Authority", it offers Carlsson full government backing to ask MI6 for help in a "delicate fact-finding mission in connection with the murder."

Ms Leijon wrote to MI6 that "we believe your Service possesses such information." According to British intelligence and mercenary sources in London, this claim is true. Shortly after Palme was killed, I was told by three independent sources that recruiters for the killing — variously described as a group of Swedish businessmen, with Finns and Germans also involved, possibly financed by a South African group — had approached mercenaries and arms dealers in London in order to find a suitable "hit-man".

All the sources agreed that the former SAS and other possible killers approached had turned down the contract, and had then passed details of the approaches to Special Branch or MI6 contacts. In turn, MI6 had passed a warning to Sapo, the Swedish secret police. One source said that the purpose of the killings was to destabilise Sweden and its powerful liberal stance on such matters as apartheid.

A senior Special Branch officer, Detective Chief Inspector David Palmer-Hall liases directly with the Secret Intelligence Service. A former Special Branch commander, Rollo Watts, also works for Saldin Security, the cover company for the private British mercenary service, KMS Ltd. KMS, which is registered in Jersey, was most recently and controversially used by Colonel Oliver North to assist in guerrilla missions with Contra forces in Nicaragua.

But Carlsson's role in the Swedish private intelligence service was blown before he had made contact with MI6. Despite the letter, it is extremely unlikely that he would have got more than a cup of tea at the Foreign Office.

The Scandinavian "Freedom Prize", worth å10,000, was jointly awarded to the London-based *Index on Censorship*, originally set up by poet Stephen Spender. The other prize went to arms engineer Ingvar Bratt, who revealed four years ago that the giant Swedish arms manufacturer, Bofors, had illegally smuggled missiles to the Middle East. Swedish law prohibits the export of arms to potential or actual war zones.

Bratt first passed Bofors company documents to the Swedish Peace and Arbitration Society. When the company at first tried to deny the smuggling charges, Bratt identified himself as the source to confirm the authenticity of the leaked documents. He then faced dismissal, and extensive ostracism and abuse in Karlskoga, the Bofors company town where he lived. In the subsequent Customs investigation, it was discovered that Bofors and other arms companies had been disguising the destination of many of their exports for at least 20 years. In the 1960s, for example, one company supplied ammunition for the Vietnam war. This was sent via Australia and labelled "British-licensed production material."

Swedish business organisations, together with right-wing MPs and the former SDP minister Anna-Greta Leijon, have recently proposed a new law criminalising the revelation of industrial secrets, such as those leaked by Bratt. Under the new law, leakers of information calculated to damage "a businessman's enterprise" face up to six years in jail. If passed, the new "Bratt law" would be the most severe law of its kind in Europe, save for the draconian Swiss banking secrecy statute — the penalties even more severe than under Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act.

Duncan Campbell

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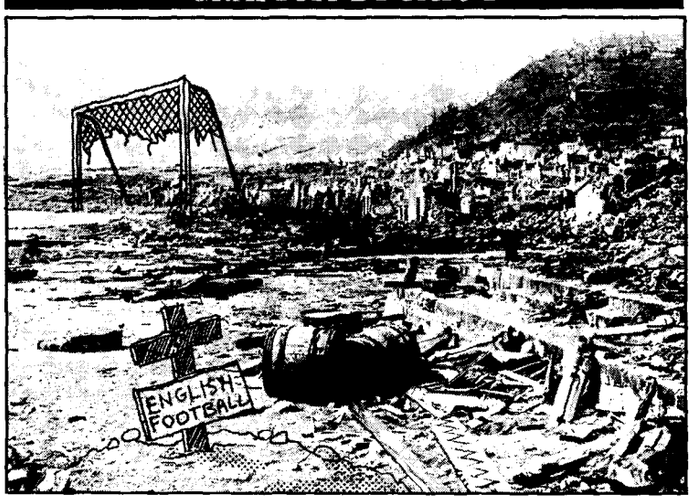

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Ex-Pentagon man's warning

For 45 years military and civil defence authorities "have completely misunderstood" the effects of nuclear weapons and have drastically underestimated the casualties they would cause, a former scientific advisor to the Pentagon told the congress of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (IPPNW) in Montreal last week.

The most important effect of nuclear attacks on urban targets will not be the blast — as is usually believed — but firestorms of such force that Ted Postol calls them "superfires".

Postol is a trained physicist and nuclear engineer who was an advisor to the US chief of naval operations from 1982 to 1984 and now works as a researcher at Stanford University's Centre for International Security and Arms Control. Two years ago he published a paper on the consequences of fire in nuclear attacks, the implications of which are only beginning to be understood.

In the simplest terms: if many of us have imagined a nuclear attack as the worst night of the Blitz, multiplied many times over, it would be more accurate to imagine that followed by something like the fires lit by the attack of Dresden, many times more powerful.

Even Postol admits he has trouble visualising the scale of the fires: on detonation, a nuclear weapon releases a blast of fire where the temperature peaks at about 100 million degrees celsius. By comparison, the temperature at the surface of the sun is only 6,000 degrees.

Within tens of minutes, the temperature over a city under attack would be well above the boiling point of water and the heat would pump air up vertically, creating hurricane force winds on the ground

Postol speaks of potential fires, 300 to 400 square kilometers in size, contained by the blowing winds around them but burning within with tremendous velocity.

The British Medical Association applied the new knowledge about superfires to nuclear war casualty estimates in Britain in its report published last month on the selection of casualties for treatment. In the scenario of a 122.8 megaton attack, the BMA revised the Home Office's estimate from 9 million killed and 6 million injured, to 26 million killed and 6 million injured.

Nations such as Britain and France with "minimum deterrence" nuclear forces, would probably achieve three to four times their aims for damage to enemy cities.

Superfires make the notion of limited, winnable nuclear war even more absurd. Since most military installations are next to major centres, Postol says unless very low yield weapons were used, "if you include the effects of fire, the outcome would be indistinguishable from anti-population strikes."

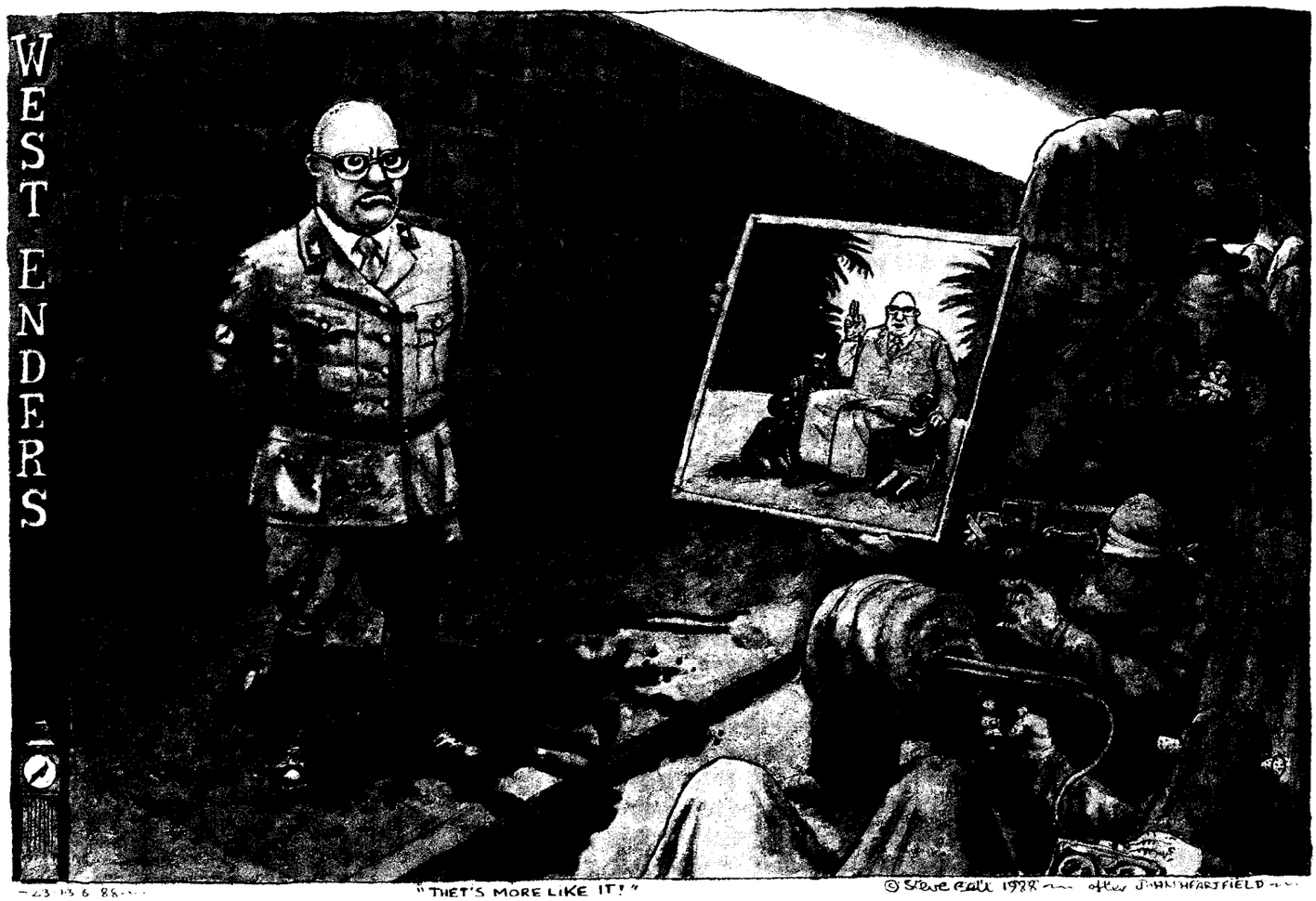
Finally, Postol points out that his theory calls into question the value of civil defence. After the much smaller fire bombing of Hamburg in World War II, rescuers found the floors of the bomb shelters coated with human fat. *David Schulze*

Dishonourable gentlemen

Bernie Grant has opened a can of worms with his complaint about racism in the House of Commons. His initial anger at being manhandled in the public gallery has been fuelled by the reply he received to his complaint from the Serjeant-At-Arms. "I am sorry," he wrote, "that the doorkeeper touched your arm ... but they do sometimes put their hand on people's arm in a spirit of friendly persuasion." Such phrasing does not promise serious investigation into the complaint.

Yet this incident needs to be treated seriously, in view of dubious encounters black visitors have had with Commons staff. Diane Abbott's brother was kept waiting for two hours at the Members' entrance. Senora Machel, wife of the late president of Mozambique, was held up at a security barrier for no apparent reason. And black MPs have been challenged to identify themselves by officers who claim not to recognize them. During a Commons debate on immigration, badge messengers in the public gallery were heard to refer to black MPs as "darkies".

Despite the support of Labour colleagues and some individual Tory MPs, Grant has received a flood of abusive letters. Most are to the effect that he should leave the country if he has any problems with our great British institutions. Grant remains adamant: "If I'm an elected member of Parliament and get treated like that, then what chance has an ordinary black member of the public got?" *David Upshal*



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Liberals Lording it

People may have misinterpreted the knighthood for Cyril Smith as Mrs Thatcher's reward for his being the only opposition MP to vote for restoring hanging — like her 1985 elevation of Frank Chapple to irritate union leaders and the Labour party.

In fact "Big Cyril" was nominated by David Steel, whose 1967 Abortion Act he too has been trying to destroy. Despite his loud talk of "breaking the mould", Steel has clung to his Establishment perk of nominating half a dozen for the Birthday and New Year's honours, a right which Labour has given up. Steel honoured Smith as the only Northern working class type capable of denying Rochdale to Labour.

Although his success has been limited (he asked unsuccessfully for his deputy Alan Beith to be made a Privy Counsellor), he has done best in his nominations for working peers. Lord Tordoff, Liberal Chief Whip, has been in the thick of every battle, invariably on the progressive side.

It will be interesting to note whether the SLD will retain this perk — not shared with the SDP during the "alliance". *Andrew Roth*

THIS ENGLAND

● As prophylactics leader Durex continues to fight off the challenge posed by Mates in the mainstream contraceptive market, Jiffi—which pitches itself more at the young trendies market—has devised an inpack promotion with a difference. From July, Jiffi users will be able to collect illustrations from the Kama Sutra in the form of "cigarette" cards.—*Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

● Nottingham PC Terry Lambley, 51, agreed with his wife that a gallows he bought ten years ago, while doing research for a book on executions, ruined the look of their back garden. But he has now decided not to dump the 19th-century gibbet, on which four men were hanged. Antique experts have told him it is worth £25,000.—*Observer* (Christopher Hull)

● Scot Nat leader Margaret Ewing was one of the small band who kept the Tories marching through the voting lobbies until dawn the other night. But she denies she did it only because she had no bed to go to. The bedroom ceiling of her flat in Pimlico fell in the night before.—*Sunday Post* (George Moor)

PARLIAMENT

Unwhipped feelings

Sarah Benton

Such a feeling of boredom wafted round Westminster last week at the thought of another debate on hanging. The debate has been endlessly rehearsed and there was nothing new to hear or record. More important, the *Sunday Times* in a deft phone-round of MPs' voting intentions had pre-empted the event. We knew that, despite the lead given by the normally dominant Prime Minister and the New *Right*, the hangers would lose.

It is true that the debate excited little interest. The public, as usual, proved the most stalwart attenders, keeping their benches well packed while MPs came and went and the press gallery thinned to a handful. This story didn't fit the frame, which is essentially a portrait of Mrs T and her court—who's in, who's out, and who can gainsay her. Nothing else makes sense. Yet a debate in which there are no Whips, and thus no party rules, pulls apart the frame. What do MPs do without this structure, without the leadership from above which, on the Conservative side, sucks almost every Tory behind it in the blind pursuit of office?

What they do is flounder around for an argument about their role and their relation to the public; about, in essence, political leadership. It was a theme which almost every Conservative speaker pursued and which every Labour speaker wholly ignored. This is what made the debate on hanging interesting.

The unwhipped Tory view was put most succinctly by Tim Devlin, the hapless young MP for Stockton. (As the *Sunday Times* revealed, he is more against capital punishment but decided to vote for it after he polled his party to find 86 per cent of them wanted it.) "Every man's conscience," he said, "whether it be the Lord Chief Justice or Joe Soap in the street, is equal on this issue. If that is right, surely the House should reflect the views of the overwhelming majority of our people." And in another vain intervention to salvage his stand: "I regard my conscience as being no superior to that of my constituents', so I am prepared to represent their view on this issue which I believe to be outside politics."

And so it went. George Gardiner, the lean and stooping ex-Chairman of the Monday Club, said his argument "concerns the continuing gulf between decisions that we take on this subject and the view of the clear majority of the people whom we collectively represent" and whose judgment, he insisted, we must trust. "Good government means that the government and the people must not draw too far apart" asserted Rhodes Boyson, summing up. "As has been said time and time again, when conscience is involved, the conscience of the man in the public bar is as good as the conscience of the man in the saloon bar or the conscience of the members in the bar of the House of Commons."

It has to be said that the most active consciences were not fermenting in any manly bar but in Elizabeth Peacock and Dame Elaine Kellett-Bowman, who snorted new life into the caricature of Tory women.

Dressed in bright cherry and lavender respectively, they "hear heared" every trigger word (innocent, child, death, victim) until Lavender was finally quashed for one interruption too many by the Deputy Speaker. But Cherry, too, took up the theme that MPs have no special role: "If the people in our constituencies decide that their interests are best protected by the death penalty, who are we to tell them that is not so ? Do we think of ourselves as morally superior? Do we have some secret information which persuades us to decide otherwise?" she demanded.

This Conservative argument that we exist in a state of moral egalitarianism is new. You can, of course, say that it is mere cant. (Where were Mr Gardiner's endless opinion poll findings when the morality of health care has been debated?)

For as they struggle to draw a distinction between those issues where all our judgements are equal, and those which demand political leadership, they are constantly undercut by their leader. Mrs Thatcher repeated only recently that her government must take unpopular action for she knows in the very fibres of her being that she is right. Like the pro-hangers, she is merely asserting that it is the "authentic" quality of one's feelings which is the rock of judgment, moral or political.

In the face of all this, Labour MPs responded with a steely pragmatism, most effectively deployed by Chris Mullin. But, and this is absolutely characteristic of all parliamentary debate, not one challenged the pro-hangers view of "modern society" in which, they insisted, murder on the streets is "commonplace" and it is "common sense" to assume the death penalty will make us *feel* safe. Is this a measure of their entrapment inside narrowly drawn constituency parties; or do arguments about feelings leave socialists lost for words?

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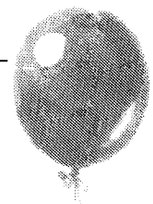

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Panic in the street

Why did the SAS shoot down the IRA bombers? The answer, Duncan Campbell reveals, is that security officials in Gibraltar panicked when they lost track of a fourth terrorist.

Blunders by the security forces in Gibraltar led to the public killings of the three IRA bombers in March. According to information given to UK intelligence officials, British and Spanish security watchers tracking a fourth, still unapprehended member of the IRA team in Gibraltar lost contact with her. An "over-exuberant" reaction by the Gibraltar police provoked panic in the street and the three killings by the SAS soldiers.

The original intention was that the SAS would move against the three IRA members — Mairead Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage — in the middle of the airstrip across which the road from Gibraltar to Spain passes, well away from the potentially inconvenient presence of independent eyewitnesses.

Peter Schrank

The sudden decision to stop tracking and move in on Farrell, McCann and Savage came — according to the intelligence information — when a separate surveillance team lost the fourth member of the IRA squad, a woman called Parkin. She had been the IRA squad's watch-keeper. She had driven regularly from Malaga to Gibraltar to watch the weekly parade by the band of the Royal Anglian Regiment from Inces Hall to the official residence of the Gibraltar Governor. The security forces had throughout assumed that she would either control or supervise the detonation of the bomb once it had been left in position by the other three.

On the afternoon of the killings, the security officials in charge of the operation believed that the car bomb was in place (in fact, the car the IRA squad had left was merely saving a place for the bomb car) and that the bomb would be detonated as the Royal Anglian band paraded the following morning. That morning signals to London confirmed an assessment that the bombing was about to go ahead and authority was given for the SAS to move in as the IRA squad left Gibraltar. No prisoners were to be taken.

But when Parkin was lost to the watchers as she once again travelled to Gibraltar, and then disappeared, the security chiefs in the colony lost their composure. Her departure had been taken to be the signal that detonation of the bomb was imminent. With her now missing, the assessment of the timing of the bombing seemed less certain. So they decided to move in on the remaining three in case they, too, evaded surveillance and dispersed, thus blowing the whole operation. Orders were radioed to the Gibraltar police and to the SAS soldiers tracking the bombers to move in without waiting for them to approach the Spanish border.

Hence the Gibraltar police car with its blaring siren. Hence the very public killings.

Army and intelligence officials had long been keen to see the deaths of the three experienced IRA members. The Gibraltar team are believed to have been responsible for several spectacular IRA successes recently, including the killing of Lord Justice Gibson and his wife by a roadside car bomb in Northern Ireland last year.

But army circles are deeply unhappy about what may happen at the Gibraltar inquest in August. The confused and panicky behaviour which characterised the final phase of the operation has left Special Branch and security officials, and the SAS, exposed to public cross-examination. It has finally been accepted that they cannot evade the demands for the SAS soldiers to give evidence at the inquest, but there will be strong attempts to limit what they reveal about the operation.

The off-the-cuff statements made about threatening hand movements by Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, in the House of Commons immediately after the killings have especially dismayed security chiefs. They believe that Howe was "shabbily" briefed for the occasion and are unhappy about having to back up the statements against the testimony of independent witnesses. Intelligence sources say that "Geoffrey Howe wasn't responsible for the operation", but he was left, as so often, to find something plausible to say in parliament on the prime minister's behalf.

Official sources in Whitehall are now briefing journalists to the effect that the issue of whether the SAS challenged the IRA bombers before they opened fire — the critical issue at the centre of the controversy over the Thames *This Week* programme — is "of secondary importance". Again Howe — and George Younger, the Defence Secretary — stated immediately after the killings that challenges were given and official sources have done their best to hold that position. But the independent evidence to the contrary is strong.

Intelligence sources, however, say that the idea of the bombers using a remote control device to activate a bomb was yet another post-hoc invention, like Howe's threatening hand movements; and is even less plausible on technical grounds. The possibility most certainly wasn't part of the briefing to the SAS soldiers, even during the panic. The intention was always, quite simply, that the four IRA members should be shot.

It is still not certain whether Gibraltar's attorney general or coroner Felix Pizzarello will be as compliant as Sir Geoffrey Howe and Whitehall would wish. Nevertheless the inquest has been conveniently postponed on dubious grounds until August. "The delays have been really helpful," says one source. "The dirty tricks team has had plenty of time to go in and nobble [the credibility of] the key witnesses." And Whitehall has had more time to perfect its version of events. ●

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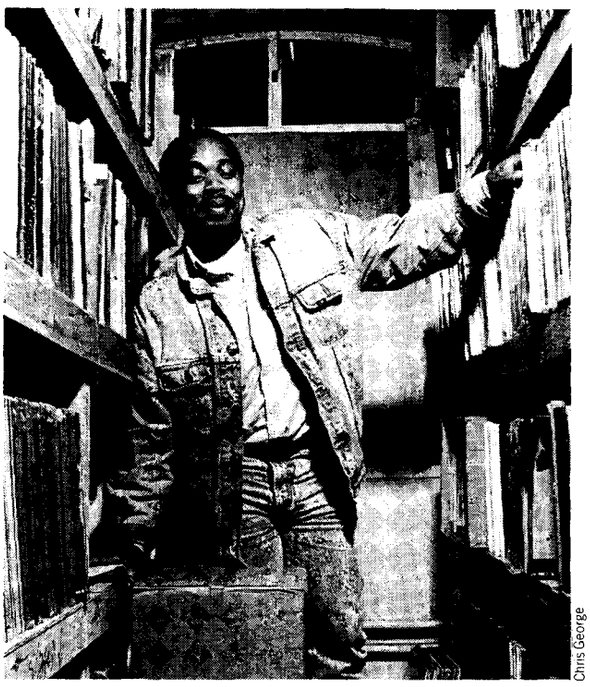
Thriving by night

A combination of black DJs, illicit bootleggers and pirate radio entrepreneurs have established an alternative entertainment sphere. Cynthia Rose traces the emergence of an unofficial enterprise culture.



Chris George

Lloyd "Daddy Bug" Brown of Red Records who has recycled many a "rare groove."

"Recently," Jazzie B is saying, "I've been following this Jesse Jackson business in America. I was shocked that he's gettin' votes from white states—and I was thinkin' to myself, Oh *damn!* Maybe the time has *come!* It's kinda wound me up. And now, in what I do, I'm really adoptin' a more professional attitude."

What does Jazzie do? He's the DJ head of Funki Dredd Productions, and the founder of north London's 16-strong Soul II Soul crew. Started five years ago by Jazzie and an old school friend Philip 'Daddae' Harvey, Soul II Soul run a sound system, a weekly club (Centre of the World, every Sunday night in Old Street), and a shop: the Soul II Soul Basement Store at 162 Camden High Street. Soul II Soul is also the name on a Ten Records' release entitled "Fair Play", which entered May's pop charts at number 65. Jazzie B is a Renaissance dude—but the Renaissance of which he's a part has changed London itself.

During the past half-decade, Jazzie's milieu—DJs, nightclub aficionados, hustlers of vinyl and the men behind pirate radio—have made social history of a singular sort. They have established a completely alternative entertainment sphere;

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Renaissance dude: Jazzie B DJ head of Funki Dredd Productions.

one which is powered by black aesthetics.

Jazzie's part of this new environment started to shape itself early in 1986, via the magnet of illicit warehouse parties. These were the result of young white entrepreneurs (like the Family Funktion team) working in tandem with black crews like Soul II Soul or Shake & Fingerpop, under black DJs such as Jazzie and Norman Jay.

"Family Funktion were middle-class white guys," notes DJ Trevor Nelson, a staffer at pirate radio KISS-FM, and known as "Madhatter" for his affiliation to Madhatters sound system. "They were trendies; who knew a lot of people, all at college, all with a lot of money. With them and Soul II Soul, it was two complete opposites coming together – and pulling 3,000 people illegally."

"White guys invented the warehouse," says Nelson. "They had the know-how regarding the legalities. And they made sure it was never busted, which black kids could never have done. Put a white guy on the door and everything could be cool. You could make a couple of grand off an illegal affair – and half the police force's sons would be there."

Warehouse parties made big money and set bigger precedents. But more than this, they succeeded in integrating young London in a fashion which made the GLC or Rock Against Racism seem quaint. "Warehouses brought the cultures together, black kids and white kids," says Madhatter Trevor. "There were always soul boys and soul girls, who always came together. But their cultures were worlds apart. Now they're still together, though. Which is absolutely brilliant."

What warehouses initiated, pirate radio helps maintain. On London's 30 odd illegal stations, black musics provide the majority format (soul, hip-hop, jazz, reggae, house, and the 1970s soul called "rare groove"). And some of the stations have ambitious set-ups: like LWR (once "London Weekend Radio", now "London-Wide Radio"), a five-year-old, single-propietor enterprise which broadcasts 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Or KISS-FM, the two year-old weekender which trades on a roster of "name" DJs from the burgeoning nightclub scene.

Drawing on personal knowledge and on family record collections which can span three generations, such DJs easily one-up the playlist-crippled commercial broadcasters. And their clear connections to and love for black music have generated a whole new market for soul in Greater London. The clearest symbol of this may be seen in Soho. There, where six record retailers have flourished for some years (Tower Records, Groove Records, Daddy Kool, Hitman Records, Virgin's Megastore and HMV Records), three more have chosen this moment to move in. They are Beak Street's Red Records (where Madhatter and KISS-FM's Lloyd Brown can be found), Black Market Records (the brainchild of two more DJs, Steve Jervier and Rene Gelston), and Bluebird Records.

Black Londoners who work for the pirates take pride in exercising an expertise excluded from the capital's entertainment mainstream. LWR jock Steve Edwards: "British legal radio is too controlled, too conservative. And its DJs are so complacent! We're not afraid to play *our* music. You know, you've got a collection – you blow the dust off a few things. You *think* about it. It takes me two hours to put together a show. I don't just throw things on the turntable. I've always wondered why the legal stations don't utilise the skills of pirate DJs – because, at the end of the day – it *works*."

> *'A bootlegged record can bring in up to £30,000 a pressing'*

Indeed it does. The pirates use street news and gossip as well as music to provide a complement to the club scene. They've also discovered how to support themselves – with advertising for venues, gigs, shops and new record releases. (Several also run clubs and record fairs themselves.) Through plugs and airplay for each other's every project, the pirate DJs control the entire marketplace they inhabit.

Within those precincts, Lloyd "Daddy Bug" Brown of Red Records is known as the "cut-out king", a former independent wholesaler who has recycled many a "rare groove". "The pirates have created a whole thing for themselves," says Daddy Bug. "It goes like this: it's cheap to advertise on a pirate. But you get whatever it is plugged every hour, 24 hours a day. If you got something to offer, you know, that is gonna *work*."

Thus far, what talent mainstream entertainment has poached from the pirates has been white (radio's Gilles Peterson, *Night Network*'s Tim Westwood). But, from Radio London's *Nite FM* through BBC2's *Def II*, they have forced alterations in attitudes and responses. And airplay over establishment waves is often contingent on pirate success. Jazzie B's "Fair Play", for instance, was heard in clubs and on the pirates almost two months before it "appeared". (It was then "silenced" for a fortnight, to starve the marketplace.) "It can be an absolute pain," grins Madhatter Trevor Nelson. "Now the kids will come into your store asking for things before they've even been *pressed* – because some pirate has had a cassette. And they won't believe

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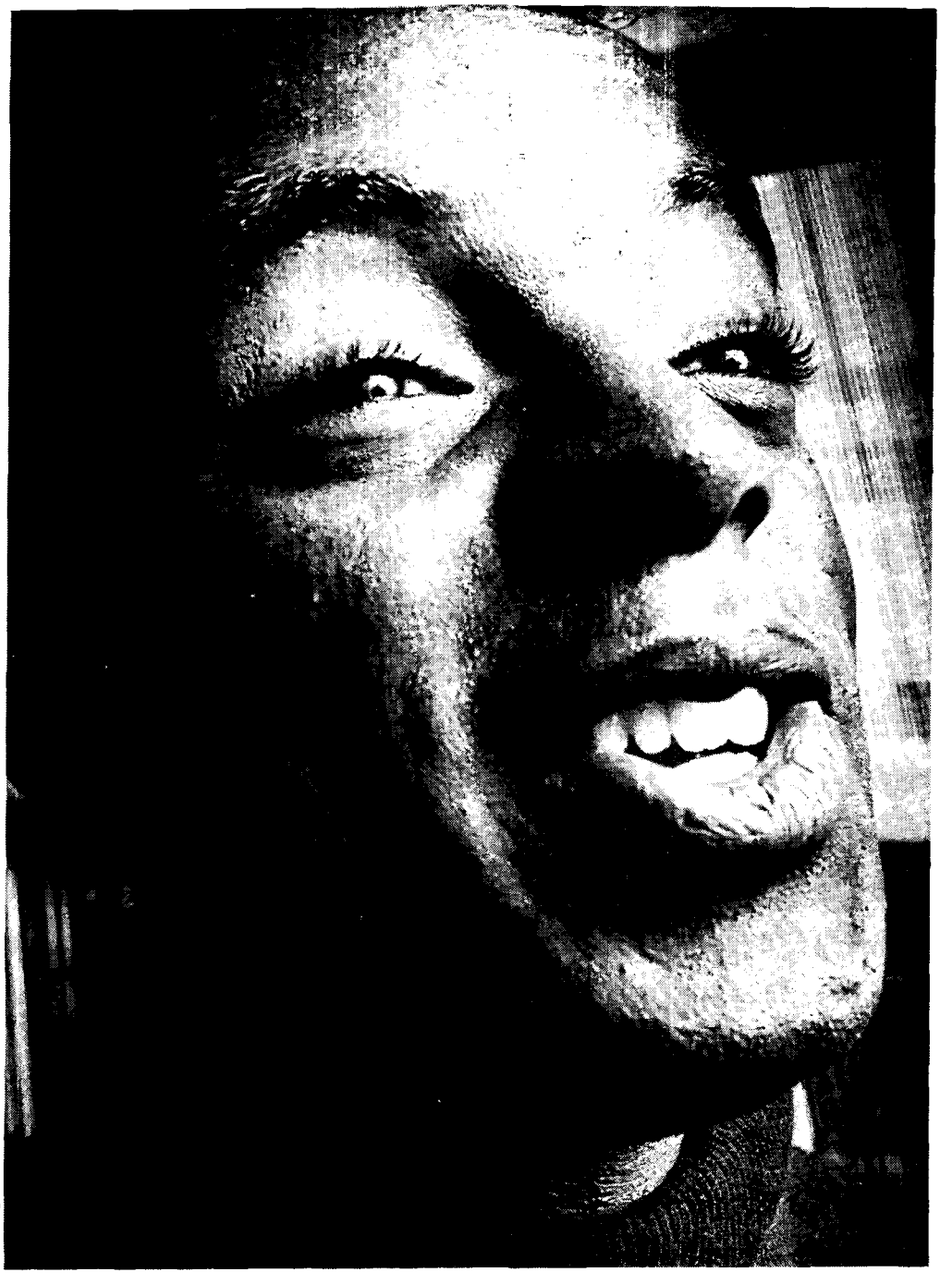

Chris George

Madhatter Trevor Nelson of KISS—FM

you when you say it's not out yet. After all—they've heard it!"

"The national radio boys," he adds, "now wait for us to make these records safe. Face it, they wouldn't know a good house track from a bad one." In financial terms, the "safe" record—this week's "boom cut" or certified hit—has never been more desirable. Sometimes it's a rare groove: a soul cut whose physical scarcity enhances its marketplace value. Other times, the pirates hype rap music, hip-hop hits or the neo-disco known as house. Each of these genres has played its part in London's recent deluge of DIY record production, aka bootlegging. Many pirate DJs also lend their knowledgable ears to sampling, a digital collage which spikes new records with audible references from other hits.

Almost everyone dabbles, at least, in bootlegs. And more than curiosity drives them—"booties" can bring up to £30,000 per pressing. "It's all to do with information," explains Daddy Bug. "Knowing what tune will sell. Once you get the information, anybody can do it." ("If you don't put something on vinyl," argues another pirate DJ, "You ain't got no CV—you got no proof of what you do.")

"I know I'm from the ghetto. I don't want to be reading that anymore. I want to read about more young business people like us doing good"

Like hustling "rare grooves" or throwing a warehouse jam, this unofficial industry provides a foot in the door for black British business talent. "As black people in Britain," says Trevor Nelson wryly, "there's not a lot we are responsible for—apart from controlling our own hair products. All we've got in the general mind is we're good athletes, we can sing and dance, and so on. What upsets most of us is, if that's all we get, why can't we *control* it? That's why most guys are into blatantly bootleggin' records—they just feel blatantly left out."

And that is where a figure like Jazzie B comes in. Jazzie is determined that Soul II Soul should, in the words of one pirate ad, stand firm for the culture. "Black people in this city can't hide from the political thing," he contends. "Our living, our existence in this society, is really political. And I've made the assumption that I've got to anchor something here. To produce something from Britain that will be looked on as positive."

Touring as the Soul II Soul sound system has taught Jazzie B the kind of clout Anglo style is able to command abroad. But he considers respect at home a more important priority. "I want to see more young business people, more people doing what we're doing here in the shop. I want to see more of us in the charts, more of us in the media's eye.

"I know I'm black, right? I know I'm from the ghetto. I don't want to be reading that anymore. I want my nephews and my nieces, my friend's children and my godchildren to be readin' in the papers about this person doing *good*. And have it give them something to really think about."

It's unsurprising Jazzie B should feel ambivalence about the media. Truly interracial and composed of the young and the officially marginal, London's entertainment underground is rarely represented in the media. It supports its own cottage industries—booties, clubs, mixes, pirate radio and boutiques. From fanzines through to semi-slick mags such as *Soul Underground* or *Straight No Chaser*, it has started to foster a leisure press of its own. But the single mainstream commentator to comprehend its size and importance has been comic Lenny Henry. His pirate DJ character "Delbert Wilkins" benefits from primary-source smarts: Henry is the Chairman of pirate KISS-FM, which claims an audience of 200,000.

Home with CDs and VCRs (or languishing in the Groucho Club) by one am, other establishment pundits remain ignorant of that new London which thrives by night. Regardless of them, however, it operates seven days a week. "People who aren't a part of it," smiles Madhatter Trevor, "can't imagine the size this whole scene has grown to. Maybe they should just stand round Cambridge Circus between one and three am. They'd see hundreds of people go by, all eating dodgy takeaways, hustling to get the night bus. They're all under 20, all dressed the same. And they're black and white, and Chinese and Greek and Indian."

Its movers and shakers know this cosmopolitan scene faces stiff challenges. For one thing, among the competitive pirates, violence has increased. A faster-growing hazard, perhaps, is drug use on the circuit. And blind self-interest can rear its head in any sphere. Even so, men like Jazzie B feel it brings a specific hope. "There's definitely a generation out there now," says Jazzie, "which knows what 'multiracial' means. You're talking about youth of all kinds. All we need now is to stick together."

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Blighty's bulldogs

"A while back you was supposed to be patriotic, with the Falklands and that. But they don't wanna know now it's football." Dave Hill reports from Germany on life with the brute contingent.

Just before dusk last Saturday a young, black, softly-spoken tourist called Rodney wandered into the Schloss Platz, Stuttgart's civic centrepiece, and got a nasty shock. The Schloss Platz comprises a square of manicured lawn fronting an arc of municipal buildings which contain the offices of the Ministry of Culture and Sport. On the opposite side of the grass, a detachment of some 30 followers of the England football team had transformed a terrace bar into a bridgehead from where they were articulating precisely what they consider the relationship between sport and culture in the modern world to be.

They had already assaulted us with a rendering of "We're on the march with Bobby's army". They followed up with items dedicated to their German hosts, and their fellow-visitors from the Irish Republic. "Two world wars and one World Cup" they goaded to the refrain of "Campdown Races". "No surrender, no surrender, no surrender to the IRA", they bawled. Then came a ferocious "Rule Britannia" and a rapturous "God Save The Queen" from whose dying note there rose a blast from Deutschland's inglorious past: "Sieg heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!" The hard-core half dozen who led the beery throng had the whole click-heels, stiff-arm salute routine off pat. And right at the front of them stood a pair of barking zealots holding up a black flag with a white circle-and-cross motif—emblem of the British Movement: "You'll never take the English! You'll never take the English!"

Seemingly more bemused than offended by this display of nationalist fervour, a substantial crowd had gathered with a full supporting cast of police. And into the middle of it all walked the hapless Rodney. Three Englishmen approached him and suggested that they all "go for a walk". Rodney, not stupid, said "OK, so which of you wants to fight me?" No one consented, so Rodney turned to go. Then they all jumped him, putting the boot in as Rodney squirmed and twisted beside a giant pot plant at the foot of the steps where the congregation of patriots stood. Noticing the fracas, the cheerleaders went as if to assist their heroic comrades, and as Rodney broke free to sprint off down the Konigstrasse, he was pursued by a hail of cans and bottles exploding on the slabs in cascades of beer and broken glass.

Such trouble was as inevitable as British attempts to prevent it had been inept. The Football Association's ploy for controlling England's travelling support amounted to a futile limitation on the number of tickets for sale; a refusal to distribute them until a form relating to travel and accommodation arrangements had been filled out; and a character reference provided by applicants who were not part of an official club membership scheme. No such measures were likely to prevent brazen wearers of the notorious "Invasion of Germany, 1988" T-shirts from crossing the Channel, with match tickets or without, bent upon their quest to "take" foreign soil.

It is, perhaps, a further tribute to the authorities' bankruptcy in this department, that more strenuous efforts seem to have gone into presenting as fragrant an image as possible to the global village for the current Championships: sorry about things, chaps—it's not our fault.

England's contribution to the opening ceremony was a short, taped address by clean, decent Bobby Charlton followed, live, by the City of Birmingham Youth Choir singing a pointedly hopeful medley of "Let It Be" and "All You Need is Love". It would have prompted nothing but loud snorts into frothing lager from the more inebriated and hate-filled bearers of England regalia—"These Colours Don't Run"—who advanced, belching and staggering up Konigstrasse with their "No Pope" stickers, harassing women, threatening passers-by and shoving teenagers into shop doorways. For the brute contingent, "the game" provides a focus for a general desire to run amok among all that is alien, foreign, different. Meanwhile, for those football industry professionals who do their stuff somewhere other than out on the park, it is something entirely different: "the game"—and the public who consume it—is just the raw material in the high-turnover business of corporate sport.

Floating unhappily in the midst of this morass is that almost legendary figure, oft-invoked, but barely heard from, the "ordinary supporter". As the football fanzine *Off the Ball* editorialised recently, it is they, not the hooligans, who have been penalised by the FA's ticket policy, "which treats fans as gatecrashers at their own party". The Stuttgart organising committee seemed more alive to the practicalities than England's own authorities, setting up a free Fan Camp for the hundreds of supporters, English and Irish, who arrived without having booked accommodation, and making an extra 1,500 tickets available in response to the obvious on-the-spot demand. All but 200 of these were earmarked for England followers and sold in return for the submission of passports. The last thing the Germans wanted was 1,000 of Blightly's bulldogs roaming the perimeter of the sumptuous Neckar Stadium, knowing it was half-empty inside.

The fans who used them were grateful for the facilities, endorsing a philosophy described by one of the Fan Camp stewards as "if you treat people with respect, hopefully they'll respect themselves". Talking to young supporters in the camp, though, revealed that echoes of the warrior mentality celebrated on England T-shirts can filter through to even the friendliest. One London lad, a geography student at Aston University, said he might not talk to me if I was from the *Sun*. But when asked if he was patriotic, he bared a bicep to reveal a bulldog tattoo. "Thing is," said one of his mates, "a while back you was supposed to be patriotic, with the Falklands and that. But they don't wanna know now it's football."

There were at times as many journalists and film crews in the Fan Camp as fans. The supporters know they are part of the media event just as they know that they are going to be sujected to non-stop scrutiny by police, whose plain clothes representatives patrolled the camp with transit loads of support just a few hundred metres away.

But the distinction drawn by football's administrators between the law and order problem and "the game" is in the end abjectly reproduced by the media.

The truth is, though, that English football has the most violent fans because it has provided an environment that suits them, one characterised by the ignorance, chauvinism and decay that has become such a definitive part of English life—and is becoming more so every day. The Irish, delighted by their side's surprise one-nil win, were predominantly boozy and laddish, too. But among their number were girlfriends, wives, children and men of middle age, none of whom enjoyed a comparable place among the English brigade.

And as the St George brutalism becomes enshrined in the international consciousness, so it breeds a like response. Football games involving Englishmen have turned into war zones, their barbarity expressing our idea of national pride. The ironies scream out, but no one is listening. The aural backdrop to Bobby Robson's brave-face press conference was provided by a police helicopter taking off. And the previous night, as the British racist element scurried into the backstreets with Old Bill on their tail, a soothing voice of English man-of-the-people moderation rang out from a police loudspeaker. "Now come on, lads ... let's not let England down." The blithe wanderer Rodney knows that was the last thing they thought they were doing. ●

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James Nachtwey/Magnum

The barrier of fear

Amanda Mitchison

Here was a scene which could have graced a wall of the boardrooms back in Tunis; against the black backdrop of an oildrum barricade many times his own height, the lone perpetrator, in a cream, primary school pinafore and track suit bottoms, was volleying stones.

Alan, a big, breathy, army press officer with a South African accent, turned to me and the *Miami Times*. He asked, "Well, boys and girls, what do you *do* with them when they are that small?" Despite its unfortunate resonances of the kitchen and the angling club, Alan's question was rhetorical and self-justificatory.

The stones were aimed in the direction of half a dozen paratroopers standing some 200 yards away, where the driveway to El Amari camp meets the main road into Ramallah. The soldiers, who were well out of stone-firing range, were looking down on the camp with binoculars and taking life easy. They were dressed with familiar Israeli army macho slovenliness—crumpled baggy khaki, black boots, visored helmets, sunglasses, gold chains, personalised bracelets, stubble, badly mended flies and the occasional protruding midriff.

The small boy was only a vanguard. From behind the oildrum wall came waves of stones and shouts. Young boys were running in front while further down the main street of the camp some 200 adult Palestinians were milling around in an informal rally. The demonstration was small, incohesive and still at the point of deciding whether to march forward or disperse.

The men began to get slightly perturbed and the platoon commander called in extra troops and a helicopter. He reassured us, however, that the camp was missing the military might of its elementary classes who were not yet back from school.

A couple of paratroopers, their rifles clanking at their side, laughingly chased the small stone thrower whenever he emerged from the barricade. A young soldier who spoke good Arabic stopped an old Palestinian and two youths on their way into the camp. He inspected their papers, commanded them to tell the boys in the crowd to go home and warned that they would be watched through the army binoculars. The old Palestinian and the youths agreed uneasily. Once past the oildrums, they all scuttled away down side streets.

A Palestinian woman with shopping bags

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passed the soldiers. When she reached the oildrums, she cuffed the small stone thrower round the nape of the neck and dragged him off home. This incident seemed to mark the end of the demonstration.

Alan was happy. He had given his press tour just a fizzle of an incident and, under his fatherly guidance, our entirely frank and spontaneous interviews with the patrol had shown that, to a man, none had been involved in or witnessed any shootings or beatings since they were stationed at Ramallah.

Well, maybe not. But after the fourth hear-no-see-no-evil paratrooper, I went up to a photographer with a pale, liverish face which marked him out as probably the nicest and most approachable of the press people. His pallor turned out not to be alcoholic *ennui*, but the result of a "moderate to heavy" beating from soldiers in Ramallah two weeks before. "It was quite unexpected, I wasn't filming anyone being kicked backwards down a concrete stairwell. It was just an ordinary arrest and they jumped on me. I was laid up for three days. You know the sort of thing "dizzy spells, soft tissue bruising..."

The best a foreign journalist can hope for from the Israeli army is the menacing friendliness of Alan, who behaved throughout like a devoted gardener put to tend a slug farm. He spoke feelingly about unsympathetic reporting, and press inaccuracies and unfair bias. Whenever a television crew drew up at the side of the road, he observed that cameras incited the crowds. While he isn't the first public relations official to consider journalists as spoilt vampire bats, I've never before heard one let slip phrases such as "easy meat for the press".

But at El Amari it wasn't just the press relations which were tacky. The fact that the camp didn't erupt that day was due more to the Palestinian woman with the shopping bags than to the Israeli army. The first rule of counter-insurgency is to stop the demonstration before it begins. The walls of cement-filled oildrums, which the army had erected to keep demonstrators off the main road, made this impossible. The second rule, to remove the frontline troops and inciters—even if they are ten years old—had not been seriously attempted.

There were no loudspeakers, nor even signs in Arabic. A soldier acting the Ancient Mariner with chance passers-by was hardly an effective alternative to communicating with the crowd. The paratroopers were also not equipped for crowd control—they had rubber bullets and tear gas, but no riot shields or batons, and some soldiers were vague as to whether these had been issued at all. (During a week in Jerusalem and the West Bank, I never saw a soldier carrying a shield and those I saw holding batons had rifles swinging freely from the same arm, making both instruments cumbersome to use).

The soldiers at El Amari camp agreed that they had little training (perhaps two or three days) in controlling civil disturbances. They said they had preferred fighting on the Lebanese front to their present posting which they dismissed as a job for the police. They seemed to have given little thought to how the uprising could be less violently policed and, like their superiors, seemed to see no alternatives to beating and shooting demonstrators. For example, I asked Vladimir, a Russian refugee who worked as a journalist for Israeli radio, whether the platoon had a policy of distributing its Arabic-speaking soldiers into each of the patrols. He retorted, "I don't see how that is relevant".

Nor did the soldiers express outrage at the Israeli army atrocities. It was understandable, they said, that a young man confronted by a crowd of stone throwers, might lose his nerve and fire live ammunition. As for the beatings: "What do you do when someone throws a stone at you or laughs in your face?"

How did the soldiers explain the atrocities in private? Doron Narkiss, a university teaching assistant who served on the West Bank last month, said, "A typical argument among soldiers in the barracks would begin by maligning the press, finally reach the question of why the atrocity was committed, and then conclude that soldiers as people didn't know how to deal with the situation."

Narkiss added, "Prejudices are so strong. All the time you hear comments like 'You can't trust Arabs' or 'They are disgusting. They live in filth'." Until the uprising many Israeli soldiers had had very little contact with Palestinians. The Israeli press has printed numerous interviews with disaffected soldiers who had come to understand they shared a common humanity with the Palestinians: "In time you realise you're dealing with human beings, not animals" or "Some women even remind me of my mother".

The soldiers' job is made more difficult by the virtual collapse of the military administration and its intelligence gathering network. It is believed that collaborators have stopped cooperating or been intimidated into silence. The army meanwhile searches fairly ineffectually for hundreds—if not thousands—of young Palestinians who have gone to ground in the West Bank, where the rocky landscape hills and sprawling towns makes policing difficult. Even the children are hard to catch and soldiers have been known to try and round them up using jeeps in decoy and flanking operations.

The army implements collective punishment—indiscriminate beatings, retributive curfews, confiscations, and destruction of trees and houses—which seem to consolidate Palestinian opposition to the occupation. The army also has a policy of "never do it yourself". When soldiers find a road block or a Palestinian flag they confiscate the identity cards of the nearest civilians until the offending object is removed. A parody of this policy reappears in some atrocities. In the village of Salem soldiers broke both the arms of a young man and then insisted he pick up a burning tyre from the road. Afterwards they threw him and three others in a ditch and forced another Palestinian to bury them alive with a bulldozer. The men were later rescued. A military tribunal has sentenced two of the soldiers to four and five months in jail.

The army is under political pressure not to seem "soft" in the occupied territories. A poll in January found that 69 per cent of the Israeli electorate thought the state should "adopt more

> *'Some women even remind me of my mother'*
>
> *—Israeli soldier*

James Nachtwey/Magnum

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hard-line tactics" in the West Bank, compared with 23 per cent who thought policies should "go on as before" and seven per cent who said "be gentler". As the Israeli electorate is moving to the right, the largely Labour-dominated military high command will be less prepared to adopt a politically risky policy such as less brutal policing of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. According to Yoram Peri, an Israeli military journalist, "The military is more civilian than the civilians, and more dovish. Israeli doves, though they do not believe we should be occupying the territories, they believe that we should be *hard* on the Arabs." The military authorities may also be opposing counter-insurgency training for the army because it implies a tacit acceptance of long-term occupation of the West Bank.

The patriotic ethos and structure of the army militates in favour of violence. The rota system, which calls up reservists to serve annually in the same platoon for 30 years, gives dissenters a strong incentive to keep quiet about the misdeeds of their colleagues. Middle-class soldiers tend to be creamed off into more prestigious elite corps and paratrooper units, leaving other cadres to become ghettoised with high concentrations of Israelis from more socially disadvantaged backgrounds. This, combined with the fact that lower level commanders traditionally operate with considerable autonomy from the military leadership, has led to the development of pockets of racism and blood-thirstiness. To make matters worse, many of the army rabbis are virulently Zionist and incite the troops against the Palestinian population.

The military authorities sometimes use the rougher units—in particular the notorious paramilitary border guards—to do their front line dirty work. There also seems to be a policy of sending servicemen still in training to the Gaza strip, where conditions are harshest, the Palestinian resistance most militant, and the army beatings most widespread and severe. Foreign television networks also allege that locally hired crews are being posted for reserve duty to the very camps they have been filming.

If the Israeli police can use water cannons and sophisticated riot control techniques to control demonstrations by orthodox Jews, it is hard to believe that the army is not intentionally trying to quell the uprising with inhumanity. It becomes even harder not to think the policy intentional when the Defence Minister, Yitzhak Rabin, announces "the first priority of the security forces is to use force, might, beatings" and the Prime Minister, Yitzhak Shamir, talks of once again recreating "the barrier of fear of the Israeli Defence Force among the Arabs".

But the army's brutality has had the opposite effect. In the last six weeks the demonstrations and stone throwing have decreased through Palestinian fatigue, not fear. (The stream of hospital admissions for broken bones and bullet wounds continues.) The night raids, the imprisonments, the finger breaking, the random beatings, the jumping from a height onto bodies spread-eagled on the ground; this has all engendered a devil-may-care attitude and a cult of kamikaze bravery among the very young boys. The army's policy is backfiring. ●

Next week: Palestine—how does your garden grow? The autonomy movement in the occupied territories.

A new politics

The merger of New Statesman *and* New Society *could make a more radical magazine than either. Anthony Barnett explains.*

I've never liked the name of the *New Statesman*. Seemingly unable to shake off the aura of a venerable institution, the paper has rarely seemed *new*. And while government has developed in an often progressive fashion since the war, the *state* arouses in me suspicion of its oppressive power. As for *man*, being gender-specific is bad enough—but this is the wrong gender. Worse still, a *statesman* is a form of diplomat, a member of a profession whose task is to mislead, to be economical with the truth. A magazine of the left needs to be lavish with irresponsible actuality. Where could such a name come from? It is hardly surprising that the idea is credited to A.J. Balfour, a Tory.

New Society is different. That's a fine name. Recently Thatcher said that there is no such thing as society, "only individuals and families". It is remarkable that someone who seeks to personify Englishness should be unable to accept the existence of a social bond. Perhaps it is a sign of the instability that underlies utter conviction. At any rate, what the Prime Minister denies may one day forcibly return.

A short while before Thatcher denied its existence, an acquaintance told me a story about our society. He had recently become a father and the child was born with a hair-lip. This could be mended with surgery, as soon as the baby was strong enough to take an operation. When the time came he went along to the hospital to see the medical team—the surgeon, the anaesthetist, the specialist child nurse, the matron. As he went into the room he saw the skills, the training, the dedication, the professionalism gathered there, that he could never have afforded. And he thought to himself with gratitude and delight: "It works, it really works". He meant the health service. Let's not be mean about its name—the *National* Health Service.

This, obviously, is a story of an individual. Also, about a family. Tangibly so. Society is not made of flesh in the same way. It is made up of relationships, it exists between people, and between us and past generations and future ones. What kind of people we are, and what our families are like, is defined by these apparently intangible relationships, by shared cultures and society as well as politics and economics; by, for example, the existence, or not, of a common National Health Service.

The possibility of the child's operation was foreseen by an earlier generation. Specifically, by the generation of liberal and socialist policy makers who could be most easily described as readers of the *New Statesman*.

They looked upon the potential and wealth of our society, and the squalor and inequality that disfigured it. They resolved that every child who was born into it should have the right—no matter what its background or the poverty of its parents—the right so far as is humanly possible, to benefit equally from necessary surgery.

Now this is not an easy moment to justify the past. Especially in these pages, where we can hardly deny the failure of the paper over the last 20 years. But this is part of a larger failure. The *New Statesman*'s apogee in circulation terms coincided with the victorious establishment of the Wilson government in the mid-sixties. The collapse of the *NS* has been related to the wider collapse of Labour politics since then.

Related to, not caused by. The distinction is important. The failure of a magazine to hold its circulation must be explained in journalistic, market, and commercial terms. The inability of the paper to adjust and adapt itself to new realities, however, was related to its political affiliation with the left establishment.

The *Guardian*, coming from the north, picked up on the huge expansion of university and poly-educated readers, with its combination of the quirky, the personal, the humanist and the radical. At the same time *New Society* showed there was an intellectual role for the responsible, concerned outsider. The canny editing of Paul Barker created the best weekly forum for radical prose in the country. Journalistically, *New Society* sparkled with intelligence—but within a carefully neutral context. I think it was an advert celebrating the paper's twentieth birthday which brought this home to me. It listed Rayner Banham, John Berger, Angela Carter, Eric Hobsbawm, E P Thompson, Raymond Williams, Colin Ward, as amongst the paper's regular contributors. Politically, however, they were not given a common platform.

New Society belonged to the real world. After the sixties the *New Statesman* ceased to do so. *Lines of Dissent* is the title of the recently published selection from 75 years of the old mag. The diversity, pertinance, seriousness, passion and intellectual quality often found in the paper, is well reflected. Too well to give a true picture of its uncertain direction in recent years. It was *New Society* that was the vehicle for the radical essay, and if this quality is brought across by the merger into the pages of the *New Statesman and Society*, there will be hope for its success.

Political hope. Since the Wilson government the gap betwen the *pays real* and the *pays legal*, between life as it is lived and the life of govern-

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ment, from monarch to the Lords and judges, has widened. For the right, however, the club-land of rule is a bit of a wheeze. They also have the reality of the city, NATO and positions on the boards of multi-nationals. But for the Labour leadership, a place in clubland is what they aspire to. It is here that the gap between pretence and reality has widened most. "Labour Listens" is hardly more than a cover for this unchanged slavishness.

The *New Statesman* has also suffered from this legacy. In 1957, a group of traditional journalists on *The Times* opposed putting news on the front page because, they argued, it was the paper's duty to serve "the governing class of Great Britain" and not "the reading public". The Staggers and Naggers suffered from its own version of this confinement, regarding itself as a paper for the influential on the left. Once they *were* influential, and we have a health service. But then, like the Labour Party, the paper failed to carry its arguments to its public as it became wrapped up in myths about its own past.

The outcome was a marked lack of influence where this counted most, even on the left. The growth of CND and new municipal government were two significant developments of the 1980s, more important in their impact on national politics than the strategy of the Labour Party. But neither development was significantly influenced by debates in the columns of the *NS*,

Class can't abide women as equals . . . accent and misogyny, language and sex obsess the English

despite the fact that those involved in each easily outnumbered the paper's total circulation base.

A similar old-fashioned approach seemed encoded in the division of the back and front halves which fail to reflect the way culture and politics have widened to affect each other. Was the Moscow summit a political or a media event. Should it be covered by a political or a television critic? If the answer is both, then the point is made: we live in a modern political culture.

Perhaps the real problem is a class one—in an inimitably English way. The problem about the separation between the back and front halves was not that it was a division but rather that it flowed from a mutual, patrician understanding between Fabianism and Bloomsbury. The pantomine horse, as it was called, had a single skin.

What was it made of? What held it all together? In the 75th birthday issue itself, Sarah Benton demonstrated effectively how the founding attitudes of the *New Statesman* were suffused with benevolent misogyny. The source of this male atmosphere was the English public school and the male Oxbridge college (followed by a heavy dose of Westminster).

Class, in its English sense of social exclusiveness, can't abide women as equals. Accent and misogyny, language and sex continue to obsess the English. We can see it today in the arguments about "rethinking". Everyone agrees that there has to be a lot of new thinking on the left. But it is interesting how the right seeks to define the limits of such renewed thoughtfulness and direct it towards Bad Godesberg—as if what worked 30 years ago in West Germany is new. Try to mention the GLC, whose existence might have saved the lives of those unfortunates in King's Cross, and immediately vulgar sarcasm descends.

Writing in the *Spectator* at the end of last month, Ferdinand Mount observed:

> In recent years the *Statesman* has been pluckily asserting the existence of a viable counter-culture, mostly composed of Greenham Common women, teenage victims of the "sus" laws and people who are frightened of having their telephones tapped—a coalition of the marginalised, to use the marcusy jargon. But margins are unlikely to come together and form a coherent body . . .

It is not having one's phone tapped that is frightening, but the implications for political freedom. It is not the age of those who feel the "sus", but the failure to apply it in a way that is colour blind that is worthy of concern. It is not just Greenham Common women (nudge, nudge, a bunch of lesbians—geddit?) but also the oppression of all women that the *NS* has tried—even if it has not yet succeeded—to include in its politics. Freedom from a secret state concerns everyone; racism affects the definition of a country as Le Pen has shown in France; women are a majority. These are not marginal questions. But just attempt new thinking on these lines, and try to be taken seriously. The key impediment, in my view, is misogyny. Hatred of women remains a determining prejudice in the politics of England, in both the main parties; one that has been intensified rather than diminished by the role of the Prime Minister. Hence the arguments that seek to drive women back into the home. And the need for a weekly in the home that argues the opposite.

All the same, there is a point to Mount's argument. It concerns power, the power to influence. Unless there is going to be a new influence of the left in Britain—a reassembling of a coalition that does believe in society—then there won't be much need to read the *NSS*, however enjoyably it's written.

In his introduction to *Lines of Dissent*, Stuart Weir suggests that a broad republican agenda may replace the old, victorious cause that the *New Statesman* once made its own, that of anti-colonialism. But there is another once-won cause. One which has returned to haunt us: the welfare state. Mrs Thatcher can do nothing about the colonies but she is prepared to break the health service and reinforce educational deprivation in the UK. As a policy of looking after people "from above" the welfare state is finished. Deservedly so. Yet the widespread anger and despair at its destruction from above is a sign that a new kind of concern for welfare waits to be mobilised. Just as anxiety over survival has been organised from below by CND, Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth, and has dramatically influenced opinion and policy, so a new politics of society is needed—one suited to a country that wishes to become part of a democratic Europe. ●

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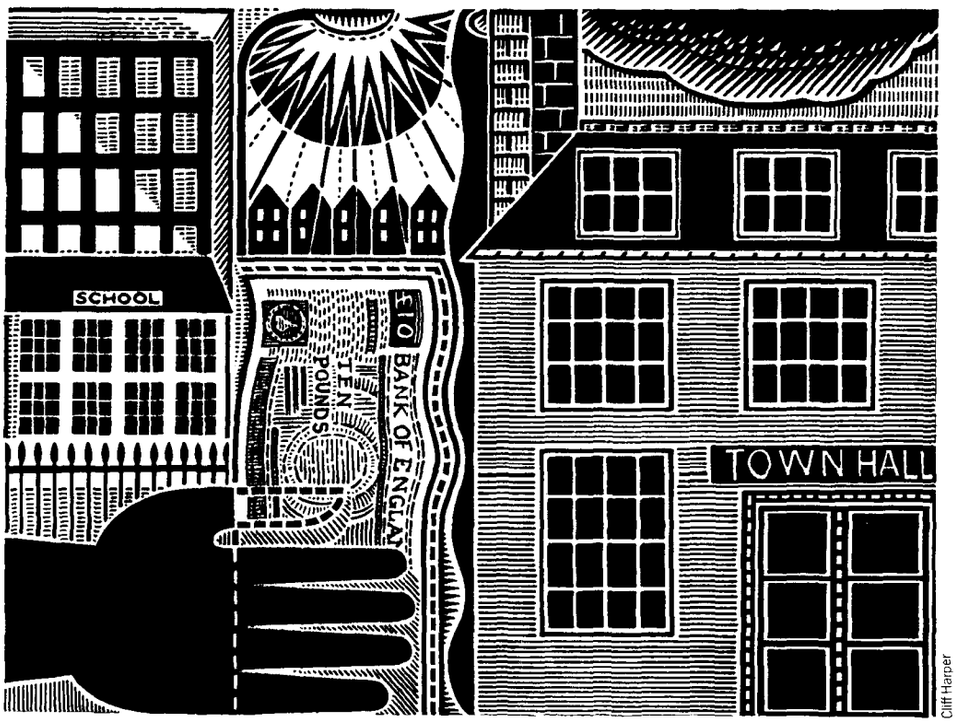

Cliff Harper

Just down the road from Southend, in Essex, where they pioneered the privatisation of public services in the 1970s with the then revolutionary hiving off to private contractors of refuse collection, Rochford district council is modelling the future face of local government.

Tory-controlled Rochford likes to see itself as the very model of a modern local administration. Last year, it became the first council in England to decide to rid itself of all direct management responsibilities by transferring its entire stock to a new housing association set up for the purpose. The plans, now well-advanced, await only the registration of the association with the Housing Corporation and approval from the DOE before they get the final go-ahead.

And while most local authority finance departments were still muttering about the difficulties of collecting the poll tax, Rochford had by March already appointed the first community charge manager in the country. In typically market-oriented fashion, the council offered a low basic salary, to be supplemented by a performance related bonus linked to the number of names on the poll tax register and the amount of money collected. Staff in other council departments, as well as in the community charge unit itself, also receive performance related pay; and plans are afoot to contract out or subject to incentive payments all sorts of other management functions and direct council services.

For cabinet ministers who believe that local government does too much, says too much and above all spends too much, the sight of a council determinedly shedding its responsibilities is welcome indeed. And what Rochford does by choice today other local authorities will be compelled to do tomorrow.

All the main elements in the Conservatives' third term legislative programme have a dramatic bearing on the future role and responsibilities of local government. From the poll tax to compulsory competitive tendering, from the housing and education reform bills to urban development corporations and inner city regeneration, the changes will leave local government almost unrecognisable.

Two main trends are discernible. First, there is a shift of power away from local authorities and towards the private sector. The housing and education bills will permit council tenants and parents to opt out of local authority management or control, going over to housing trusts and new private landlords in the former case and government-funded independent schools in the latter. Compulsory competitive tendering will result in an increased range of services being contracted out to private companies, rather than being provided directly by the council workforces. The new panoply of urban development corporations, enterprise zones, task forces, action teams and city grants will further by-pass local councils in favour of private sector-led inner city regeneration strategies.

The second major trend also reflects a shift in power away from local councils—but this time towards central government. There have been 46 separate bills affecting local government since 1979, and although the first—under Michael Heseltine in 1980—swept away hundreds of minor controls over local authorities, the legislation since has instituted an ever-increasing range of centrally-imposed restrictions.

The Local Government Finance Bill, for instance, by replacing the rates with the poll tax and uniform business rate, will give control of four fifths of local government income to central government. The poll tax—the only source of revenue over which local councils will have direct control—will provide just 20 per cent of their income. Even the right to fix the poll tax will be limited since, on the Prime Minister's insistence, the government is to retain the power to cap high-spending authorities.

Local authorities will also become less powerful in their own right. Howard Davies, the head of the Audit Commission, suggests that they could lose 30 per cent of their budgets and 700,000 staff over the next few years as a result of the government's changes.

Further, despite the government rhetoric about the community charge "putting the community in charge," ministers are actually gathering many more powers at the centre. In total, the Local Government Finance Bill confers 344 separate statutory powers on the secretary of state. The as yet uncompleted housing bill drops a further 110 statutory powers into the environment minister's lap. And the education bill gives Kenneth Baker and his colleagues in the education department 366 new powers.

It is unsurprising, then, that the Association of Metropolitan Authorities says, "The combined effect of these bills is to turn town and county halls into local centres for administering government-determined policies." As Dick Knowles, the Labour leader of England's biggest local authority, Birmingham, puts it, "The government is interested in local administration,

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not local government."

So far most attention has focused on the likely effects of the poll tax and the housing and education bills, along with the relatively minor limitations on local authority activity contained in the Local Government Act's section 28 proscriptions on "intentionally promoting homosexuality". (In fact, a much wider, but less well publicised, restriction on local councils' freedom is contained in section 27 of the same act, which bans authorities from publishing—or assisting others to publish—any publicity material deemed to be "political".)

But the sections of the 1988 act which will have the most far-reaching implications for the future of local government are those dealing with compulsory competitive tendering. Initially, six local authority services are to be subject to competitive tendering, which may result in them being contracted out to private firms and existing council employees losing their jobs. The six are refuse collection, street and other cleaning, school and welfare catering, grounds maintenance and the repair and maintenance of council vehicles. But the 1988 act also provides for the extension of competitive tendering to other local government services and other parts of the public sector which the government is committed to carry through. Leisure services will be put out to tender next, and Tory MPs in the Commons proposed 41 services in all which should be privatised.

A recent report, *Competitive Tendering*, by Norman Flynn of the London Business School and Kieron Walsh of the University of Birmingham, spells out just how significant an impact competitive tendering will have on the structure and management style of local government. Flynn and Walsh describe how competition will open up local authority management, accounting and organisational structures to radical—and rapid—change.

First, the tendering process itself will require new procedures and structures, both in drawing up suitable contracts and evaluating different bids. Accounting systems will have to be set up which isolate individual elements of local authority work. An "appropriate" share of overhead costs will have to be assigned to each area of activity—which means that councils which do seek to retain services will come under intense internal pressures to reduce central support structures to a skeletal minimum. Some of the calculations for assigning costs are of mind-boggling complexity. New methods of monitoring contracts and managing services will need to be devised.

The organisational form of local government will also have to alter, particularly where councils may no longer be directly providing many of the services for which they are ultimately responsible. According to Flynn and Walsh, this will specifically involve an increased emphasis on strategic pla[illegible]ing, decentralisation and the delegation of [illegible]nagement and decision-making. It will, ab[illegible] require councils to fulfil a much wider re[illegible]atory function. Indeed, ultimately, that may be their only function.

Flynn and Walsh identify five main changes in the characteristics of local government. First, the postwar trend towards larger, all-purpose authorities has come to an end. Some of the economies of scale—the ability to recruit, large-scale capital investment, pooling costs to provide more equitable services and so on—are still valid. But now the balance has shifted in favour of smaller-scale structures—especially the value of creating "the advantages of smallness within large organisations".

Second, the tendency towards self-sufficiency—if a function needs performing, staff are employed directly by the council to do it—is also diminishing. In housing, education, the social services and all the areas to be covered by competitive tendering, councils will increasingly be forced to work in partnership with a wide range of independent, voluntary or private sector bodies.

Third, the dominance of professionals in local government—"a natural outgrowth of the establishment of services such as housing, education and social services," according to Flynn and Walsh—will be supplanted by a much greater emphasis on management. This trend is enhanced by the fourth major change in the characteristics of local government—the shift from growth to financial restraint. And as Flynn and Walsh point out: "Nor do people any longer believe, as many did in the 1970s, that if growth returns the old patterns of spending will return. The search for value for money and efficiency is with us as a permanent feature of management, rather than a passing phase."

The fifth area of change is to be found in terms of increased concern about process rather than local authority structure. The management approach implied by the changes is one which is much more concerned with efficient methods of getting tasks done than with ideal structures.

None of this—and particularly not the new emphasis on efficient management, consumer satisfaction and service delivery—need in principle be objectionable, even to the most died-in-the-wool municipalist (though the terms on which the changes are being imposed will damage local democracy and the quality of services). Local authorities have gone through many metamorphoses since they first began to take on public health and welfare duties in the 19th century. As Don Simpson, Rochdale's borough housing officer, pointed out in an article for Shelter's housing magazine *Roof* last year, the activities of local councils have changed so much since the beginning of the century that it is possible to be a supporter of a strong and democratic system of local government without committing oneself to any particular or fixed list of municipal functions.

Simpson made a list of the functions of his own authority back in 1906, none of which remain the council's responsibility today. These included the police service, highways and tramways, water supply and drainage, gas manufacture and distribution and electricity generation and distribution. "It may be that a most proper and beneficial role for the council is as the initiator and developer of services and functions which, when established and consolidated, can and should be passed over to new agencies constituted and designed for their specific functions," says Simpson. "This would seem to fit with the imperatives of the political purpose, where development and novelty hold more appeal for politicians than do consolidation and permanence. We all like to be there at the opening ceremony, but the humble necessities of successful management and maintenance do not make headlines."

There are other, more overtly political reasons why a diminution in the direct service provision responsibilities of local authorities might be of benefit—to the Labour Party in particular. For one thing, as individual local authorities have become bigger, their councillors have been less well able efficiently to administer all the different areas of activity. You don't have to be a Conservative government minister, for example, to agree with the argument of the former housing minister John Patten that "there is no way that these vast municipal housing empires in places like Birmingham and Tower Hamlets can be run sensitively or efficiently. I don't believe that privately-run organisations could do any better. Most housing departments are simply too big."

The government-imposed compulsory transfer of its housing stock to the London boroughs in the early 1980s probably did more to make possible the popularity of Ken Livingstone's GLC than any initiative which originated in County Hall. At the very least, it freed councillors' imaginations and energies for other activities, to which they were almost certainly better suited than the day-to-day business of large-scale landlordism. Certainly, it had an electoral advantage in that the Labour Party's representatives in County Hall were no longer to be held directly responsible for everything that went wrong with ex-GLC properties.

Similar arguments could also apply to other areas of council activity. If housing associations, trusts and cooperatives can run the housing stock—and provide a better service to tenants—why not have charities running the children's homes, parents and teachers running the schools and voluntary organisations the meals on wheels service? Isn't this devolution of responsibility and power in keeping with the decentralisation initiatives now being implemented by some local authorities, and doesn't it fit in with the less centralist models of democratic socialism that have emerged since the 1960s? Might we not go even further and accept that the changes to be wrought by compulsory competitive tendering and other government reforms are not all unwelcome—and that many may be long overdue? After all, why shouldn't council te-

Which do you think can do a better job at administering these services?

	Per cent			
	Local council	National government	Private sector	Don't know
Housing	65	8	18	9
Education	56	27	8	9
Social services	63	25	4	8
Fire and police	62	29	2	7
Recreation	84	4	6	6
Refuse collection	81	4	11	4

Source Gallup, 13–18.4.88

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nants, parents or other users of council services have the same rights as any other consumers in taking their business elsewhere if their local council can't deliver an efficient service?

The problems, of course, are obvious. Competitive tendering, for example, has little to do with improved quality of service, and everything to do with cutting costs to make services as cheap as possible—usually at the expense of existing employees who either have to accept redundancies, and inferior wages and conditions, or hand over their jobs to others who are willing to do so. As the experience of countless councils and other public sector concerns over privatised cleaning services shows, standards may also deteriorate in the private sector's search for a quick profit. And the Local Government Act's ban on "contract compliance" makes it impossible for councils to insist upon minimum standards of training, conditions of work or wage levels from contractors.

But suppose that local authorities were permitted to impose certain conditions on the awarding of contracts, or the transfer of property, or the hiving off of responsibilities. And suppose they were given the resources effectively to monitor and regulate the organisations that took on their former functions. Could the advantages of "smallness within bigness" then be made to operate in ways that provide both efficiency and quality of service, and protect the interests of both workers and consumers?

Local government, despite the political and ideological assault upon it since the early 1970s, remains remarkably popular. So, while a Mori poll in March found that fewer than 1 per cent of those questioned considered it to be one of the important issues facing Britain today (that's fewer than mentioned Northern Ireland, the Common Market or the exchange rate), other polls reveal a surprising propensity to stick up for the local council against central government.

In a poll conducted in April, for example, Gallup asked whether it was "the job of local government to stand up for local issues—even if this means opposing the views of the majority in parliament". Seventy seven per cent said councils should stand up for local views, as opposed to 15 per cent who said they should cooperate with the government.

When it came to administering local services, the Gallup poll (see table) showed massive majorities in favour of local authorities against either the government or the private sector. That fund of goodwill is remarkable, but it is not inexhaustible—and cannot be taken for granted. The bald figures also disguise very real levels of dissatisfaction with the manner of service delivery and a very real desire—from all parts of the political spectrum—for changes in traditional ways of providing services.

There is the danger that in reacting to the Conservative onslaught upon local government in such a way as to deny this strain of dissatisfaction over local services. The government's policies are to centralise and privatise; its model local authority is Rochford with its ideal vision of a council meeting once a year to dish out contracts. The alternative is not blindly to defend the status quo, but to democratise and decentralise the very structures of local government—and to be prepared to relinquish responsibility and power in the process. ●

Class mates

Alexander Cockburn goes in search of America's ruling elite in the "Class of '63"

These are the weeks, in the rhetoric-swollen ceremonies on green swards or in commemoration halls across America, that the classes of '88 are launched into the world, encumbered with the insignia of their transition: a ribboned diploma, a mortar board and, so far as the upper classes of '88 are concerned, handsome gifts from parents delivered at last of the $15–20,000 annual college fees necessary to secure the higher education appropriate to a candidate member of the ruling class.

"Graduation" and the rites of passage associated with it have a resonance here markedly more profound than the equivalent transatlantic functions, and this resonance is savoured by each year's class members down the years in their intermittent reunions: tenth, twenty-fifth, fiftieth. At such reunions, amid the revelry, you can sometimes catch the most elusive historiographical commodity, the way in which each generation is imagining itself and its destiny. If this sounds portentous I suggest you study the volume prepared for last week's twenty-fifth reunion of the Harvard and Radcliffe class of '63, for here you will find data useful for that most interesting topic: how not just a class, but a ruling class is imagining itself.

The self-imagining of the British ruling class, outside of the trust documents and wills locked in solicitors' files, is presumably to be found in its purest form in the minute doses of confession in publications like *Who's Who*, in the disclosure of personal enthusiasms or eccentric clubs. In the United States there is a documentary source unknown in Britain or, I imagine, the rest of the world, namely the "class reports" alluded to above. The one I have before me now happens to be the first Harvard and Radcliffe *Twenty Fifth Anniversary Report* since 1963 saw the first Radcliffe (women's) class graduate with Harvard degrees. This 1312-page volume is dispatched free of charge to the 1,444 classmates, of whom 275 out of 306 attending Radcliffe sent in reports of their stories-so-far, thus establishing a record 90 per cent participation, as against the 80 per cent participation of the 869 out of 1138 Harvard classmates responding. The sixties gave self-confession a good name. A typical entry contains about 500 words of autobiographical report and reflection, often intimate, along with a formal *curriculum vitae*.

The book has particular interest for me, since I graduated from Oxford in 1963 and therefore have spent more or less exactly the same amount of time on earth as these respondents. They were at college at the time of the Cuban missile crisis, had just graduated when Kennedy was assassinated, were in mid-to-late twenties at the time of the Tet and events in Paris, spent their thirties during the growth of the women's movement and entered their forties as Ronald Reagan stepped into the Oval Office.

The first strange thing seems to be how little direct ruling this particular stratum of the ex-Harvard and Radcliffe ruling class seems to be doing. Search through the people I was at Oxford with and you will no doubt find the due percentage working their way towards the top of the significant bureaucracies and financial institutions, even parliament. Admittedly I haven't studied all the entries in the Harvard/Radcliffe book, but such respondents whose stories I have looked at don't seem to be directly manipulating the levers of power. On the evidence of this class, most thickly clustered in Massachusetts, California and New York (in that order) the ruling class function is most frequently expressed in the reduplication of the system's values, in teaching, and the protection of its interests in law.

The thing to be noticed is that this sample of the ruling class imagines itself to be happy, tremendously happy. Entry after entry glows with satisfaction at a life thus far well-lived. The satisfaction is reported even beyond the grave. James Burton, one of the 43 classmates to have died, included among his last observations (reported by his wife Esther) that he "considered himself a lucky man. He lived life to its fullest potential and had no major regrets". The class of '63, by the way, escaped mortal injury in South East Asia or indeed any other battleground of empire, with only one exception in the person of Arthur Stillman, who died in an ambush by Pathet Lao near Vientiane in 1969 while working as deputy chief of International Voluntary Services.

Of course we may assume that in their more confidential moments many of the classmates would confide that from time to time life had been hell, but the presentation of self in the book seems to mandate an effort to put the best face on things and at all costs to avoid the conclusion

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that viewed from the midlife mark, life thus far had been a crock of shit. This said, it still seems that the bulk of the respondents really feel they have had a fulfilling time of it.

Trying to establish a reality check I flipped through the book looking for friends or acquaintances. Two photographs of my friend Fred Gardner loomed up, along with some taut paragraphs encapsulating a turbulent history. Fred was famous among other things for having started the GI coffee house movement during the Vietnam war, establishing funky hangouts next to army bases where GIs would, if they wished, slip into the counter-culture. "I allowed the organized 'left'", Fred writes tartly, "to take over the coffee house and soon thereafter they either threw me out or I quit ... I joined a small group of women trying to create an authentic working-class party. Speed and alcohol fuelled our megalomania . . . When I got clean and sober a few years ago I helped launch *Recovering*, a publication for people who are kicking . . ."

Here too is a sixties figure, Todd Gitlin, taking a much more measured and self-consciously mature assessment: "No straight lines in my life. Rather, a quest, a pilgrimage, hot and cool pursuit, none of it predictable, at least not to me. First the *zeitgeist*. . . a decision to leave graduate school in order to write on behalf of what we then hoped would become an 'interracial movement of the poor' . . . Yes, I'd do it again, but better. I still—actually more than ever—think that the best of the sixties movements represented a kind of reformation . . . By the late sixties, the fresh language of the New Left had gone stale, awry, and me with it. It proved hard to be a movement intellectual when the movement was reduced to senseless doctrinaire shrieking. As the movement self-destructed, I licked my wounds, learned to think again, looked for a place."

And now? What now for Todd? "'We shall not cease from exploration/And the end of all our exploring/Will be to arrive where we started/And to know the place for the first time.'(Eliot) Learning to love the imperfect world more, I remain as political an animal as ever. A good deal of my present-day intellectual agenda was set in Quincy House (Harvard). I work to fathom and oppose the arms race. My politics are not much different from where they were in the early sixties: engaged, sceptical, radically discomfited by received wisdoms, less desperate for instant change, but strangely, more hopeful. It was pure pleasure, in '85 and '86, to help organise Alumni Against Apartheid, which has elected (at this writing) three overseers committed to the small but symbolically rich act of divestment from corporations aiding the South African regime."

As Gitlin's lines, furry with self-satisfaction, danced before my eyes I saw at least one of the functions of a ruling class education, which is to inculcate the belief that ultimately everything is going to be alright, that there is a safety net down there somewhere, well above the floor of the existential and political abyss.

Pavese wrote in his diaries shortly before he killed himself, "The richness of life lies in memories we have forgotten". In the self-imaginings of the British ruling class those memories and that richness mostly repose in infancy in the nursery, in the healing arms of nanny or mama. It's rare the college will turn out to have been the true mulch of character and ideological formation. College seems to have much more imaginative importance for Americans, particularly those trained in such boot camps of ruling class formation as Harvard. As Gitlin says, the agenda was set in Quincy House.

It's interesting how many of the women stress, directly or indirectly, the view of Lee Breckenridge Jacoby, who remarks that "While Radcliffe inspired me to a scientific career, it didn't teach how rewarding traditional feminine roles might be." Often the women contributors to the Report hop back and forth over the fence, stressing on the one hand the joys of child rearing and on the other the awareness of an independent role. In contrast is the entry from the editor of *Ms. Magazine*, Suzanne Braun Levine, who supplies only the bare data of her life: "I don't cook, but I do make sandwiches. My husband (chairman of Harvard's Department of Chemistry) doesn't come home at regular hours, so this is the bargain we've struck."

If I had to pick out a paradigmatic couple from the Class of '63, from the point of view of ruling class reduplication, I suppose it would be Adele Smith Simmons and her husband John Simmons, a couple with whom I've had pleasant relations down the years. John reports that in 1980 he quit the World Bank, changing careers "from third world improvement to organisational improvement", seeking ways in which people could be empowered to "take more responsibility for achieving the organisation's objectives and improving their work lives. The result would be that both workers and managers would have energy and creativity for even the most routine tasks. Fortunately, the new way works even better than predicted, as a small but growing number of private firms and public agencies can attest." Lenin, and maybe Bettridge, would say this is not going far enough, but there we are. Adele is the president of Hampshire College and opens her remarks with an attack on Secretary of Education, William Bennett, before reporting that at Hampshire the demand for philosophy courses has reached an all-time record and that "students interested in business no longer want to start with accounting. They want to learn about ethics". The endowment at Hampshire has grown from $2 to $10 million. "National reports tout colleges that promote multidisciplinary learning and active involvement on the part of students, and that's what we are about. There is a wonderful feeling that comes from working with many others to provide visions and quality to an educational philosophy . . . whose time has come."

College seems to have much more imaginative importance for Americans

Adele says she has found ways to stay in touch with the "'real world'—membership on several corporate boards (Marsh & McLennan, Affiliated Publications, New England Telephone and Zayre . . . chair of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and then of the American Association of Higher Education) . .. work with a number of groups working to reduce tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union, including the Union of Concerned Scientists and the Committee on National Security." As her entry describes, she and John have three children, one of whose class has composed three operas and another is devouring C.S. Lewis and learning about Hopi Indians in an integrated day study programme. In other words, if one was looking for a liberal expression of the ruling class this would be it, and I dare say Adele will be on President Michael Dukakis' short list as Secretary of Education.

And now you are asking, what about the gay movement? I left this till last, because the very last thing, thus far, a ruling class might *imagine* itself as is gay, though *being* gay is another matter, as the actual experience of the British ruling class suggests. So we might close the history of the Class of '63 with Edward Thomas Hougen's report to his classmates.

"The past 25 years have been for me a rich adventure in the Christian faith. Following my graduation from Harvard, I attended seminary where I met my wife who was also studying for the Christian ministry.

"After getting married, and as a consequence, having some first-hand sexual experience to reflect upon, I came to the conclusion that what the church had taught me concerning the nature and meaning of sexuality was false. I wrote my B.D. thesis on "An Evaluation of the Contemporary Christian Sex Ethic." In it I argued that the fundamental themes of the Christian faith and scripture neither require nor support a sexual ethic based upon exclusivity and possessiveness.

"Four years later I became the pastor of Central Congregational Church in Orange, Mass. It was in Orange that I joined my wife's example and took a lover. My greater inhibition in putting my sexual ethic into practice I attributed to the fact that my primary sexual preference was homosexual, and I had to unlearn a great deal of internalised homophobia before I was willing to establish an actual gay liaison. After several years of practising in secret what at the time was referred to as an open marriage, I concluded that it was wrong of me to keep silent about my beliefs simply out of fear of professional and social reprisal. In 1975 my wife and I came out publicly concerning our views and practices. We had anticipated that my homosexuality would be the most explosive issue, but we discovered that it was our redefinition of Christian marriage that most shocked people.

"What I discovered over these years is that it doesn't matter whether one's forum is the pulpit of a traditional church or the pages of a gay magazine. In advancing the Christian themes of truth, justice, love, and liberation, one's life is guaranteed to be rich in blessings, and rewards, in my case not the least of which have been my extraordinary wife, children and lover." ●

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Protecting those blessed plots

"The tatty old plot where Dad spent his Sundays"

As the allotment makes a comeback, Colin Ward analyses the strengths and weaknesses of the movement.

For the first time since the second world war the allotment movement is growing. Predictions that it would die when the last cloth-capped pensioner locked up his shed have been proved wrong. The environmental consciousness of the 1970s has bred a new kind of allotment owner. But despite this growth the National Society of Allotment and Leisure Gardeners has been unable effectively to champion the rights of the renewed movement.

At the "National" 's annual meeting last week, 120 delegates were told of the sixth consecutive year of trading losses and the desperate need for an increase in affiliation fees from the 25p fixed in 1980 to 35p. Reluctantly, and after much debate, the increase was agreed.

For an organisation that celebrates its diamond jubilee in 1990 and represents such growing numbers of people (Friends of the Earth report that the waiting list for allotments has gone up 1,600 per cent in England and Wales in the last ten years) the society makes pathetically small demands on its members and gets sadly grudging support.

Allotment gardening is an ancient occupation. Its name comes from the land allotted to the poor at the time of the enclosures. It epitomises the 19th century struggle to get enshrined into law the last vestige of the natural right of every citizen to a plot of land to feed the family. It is a demand that was echoed in the Small Holdings and Allotments Act 1908 — which imposes a duty on local councils to provide plots.

The two world wars transformed allotment holding from a necessity for the poor to a contribution to national self-sufficiency. During the second world war numbers rose from about 815,000 in England and Wales in 1939 to perhaps 1,700,000 in 1946, when the National had nearly 4,000 affiliated local societies. Today it has 1,378 representing 100,341 members.

The trouble is that this is less than a quarter of all allotment holders. The Department of the Environment abandoned collecting statistics ten years ago, but figures gathered by David Crouch from local authorities suggest that there are half a million.

The National's problem is that experience tells that every increase in the capitation fee brings a fall-off in member societies, and some of the activists believe that it is more important for the society to be representative than to be solvent — and effective. In 1965 the late Professor Harry Thorpe was invited to chair a departmental committee of inquiry into allotments. He reported four years later in a 450-page blue book — all his recommendations were ignored by subsequent governments.

Thorpe saw the post-war decline in allotment-holding, coupled with the new affluence and instant food, as signs that the movement was on the wane. He wanted to consolidate the morass of allotment law into one act and argued for recognition that allotment gardening was part of the "leisure" facilities to be provided by local authorities — especially as these same authorities did not stint on investment in other forms of leisure. Above all, he wanted a commitment to changing the allotment's image from the tatty old plot where Dad spent his Sundays to the leisure garden on the continental model, which is a well-serviced facility for the whole family.

The right to grow some of your own food is fundamentally different from other recreation

Thorpe was elected President of the National and its name was changed from allotment to leisure gardeners (a movement known as the Yorkshire backlash got the word allotment reinstated). Some councils, notably Birmingham, did not wait for legislation, but began the process of upgrading their sites into leisure gardens. The octogenarian Labour peer, Lord Wallace of Coslany, twice succeeded in manipulating a Recreational Gardening Bill through all stages in the House of Lords only to see it instantly "objected" in the Commons.

Thorpe complained that "one of the main problems is that gardeners are peaceful and complacent, only becoming militant on greenfly, blackfly, slugs, cats and wood-pigeons. Any action is left to old Tom, Dick, Harry or somebody else". But no sooner had Thorpe's report appeared than the interest in energy-saving, ecology and organic fresh food, belied his assumption that "allotment gardening holds little attraction for the young".

The old timers watched sceptically, knowing that many of the recruits did not realise the sheer continual hard work involved in gardening. But many of the new influx stayed the pace, though there are complaints that they fail to do their share of the organisational chores. Several reasons are given. One is diffidence, for we are told of a wish by incomers not to be part of a trendy middle class take-over of this last remnant of traditional working class culture. Another, put to us by one old gardener, was that "These chaps are pushing paper around all week. They don't want to do it at the weekend too." The usual reason for both old and new is shortage of time.

In the 1970s councils developed huge waiting lists for allotments. Today areas as diverse as Wigton in Cumbria and the London borough of Hackney all have few or no vacancies. Yet allotments, even on statutory, protected sites are continually under threat. Last year the National was approached by over 60 societies objecting to proposed changes of land use. Councils are obliged to keep an allotment revenue account, but sometimes they load this with administrative costs which are fictitious — like charges for electricity and water even on sites where these services are not laid on.

The attenuated National urges country groups to approach the regional offices of the Sports Council to seek recognition of allotment and leisure gardening as a recreation. There are, of course, objections to the idea that this last survival of ancient communal rights is a mere hobby. Irene Evans protests that "the right to grow some of your own food is fundamentally different from any right you might have to score a goal or sink a putt."

Since gardening is the most widespread active recreation of the British, the problems of the allotment holder deserve more public support. But equally, the National deserves support from allotment gardeners. Compare its pathetic state with the success of another category of land users, the National Farmers' Union. A delegate noted, "the difference is that the farmers know perfectly well that it makes sense to subscribe enough to maintain a full-time staff to negotiate continually with government and parliament. *We* aren't willing to subscribe enough to run our own internal affairs efficiently."

Alas, this was evident last week. If the membership would pay as much as members of any other national interest group would, the National could employ a properly funded national organiser to tour the non-member societies, and to lobby local authorities and MPs to reintroduce a bill straightening out the tangle of allotment law. Tom, Dick and Pauline can't do it alone.

David Crouch and Colin Ward are the authors of "The Allotment: Its Landscape and Culture" to be published next month by Faber and Faber.

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Labour-in waiting

Chesterfield was an occasion for a dynamic and libertarian left to emerge. It didn't quite.

Stephen Howe

The socialist conference at Chesterfield was a peculiar occasion, expressing attitudes and evoking responses so polarised as to be almost schizophrenic. There was a freshness, an intellectual seriousness, usually a friendliness about the debates there last weekend. There was also a fair amount of anger, muddle, bigotry and bluster. But by the standards of British socialist history or indeed of the first Chesterfield gathering (and admittedly these are rather low standards) there was strikingly little sectarianism.

In large measure, this is a result of Thatcherism's victory. Amid the relative warmth of the Keynesian consensus, the various factions of the left could stand in far corners of the room and shout at one another. Since the late 1970s the central heating has been switched off. Socialists are huddling closer together for warmth, and the enforced proximity leads them to lower their voices and show a little more consideration for each other's feelings. There are serious risks, all the same, that the warming circle might be formed with all faces turned inwards, pretending that the cold open spaces don't exist.

There was much discussion of electoral reform over the weekend, and a straw poll at the workshop on constitutional change showed a strong majority for proportional representation. The far-left Socialist Workers' Party, though, has its own substitute for the Single Transferable Vote: the Single Transferable Speech, suitable for all occasions, adaptable to all subjects, deliverable by any member. I heard it far too often.

The SWP was much in evidence, but its members generally behaved themselves (though they almost ruined sessions on black politics and on gay rights with orchestrated and aggressive interventions). Militant, the other great exponents of the STS, were conspicuous by their absence: but they seem to think that ideas are bourgeois in any case. Conversely members of the Green party and of Plaid Cymru were very welcome presences. Probably three quarters of the participants, however, were Labour.

People came to the conference with hugely diverse expectations. For the Socialist Society thinkers, the aim is to establish a new movement (emphatically *not* a new party) taking up and developing an imaginative range of issues. The core themes for them are internationalism, democratisation, and the new social movements. These priorities are strongest in just the areas where Labour's policy review documents are weakest. Hard thinking about the philosophical underpinnings of socialism is promised. The Campaign Group, co-sponsors of the event, have rather different perspectives. Some MPs, like Jeremy Corbyn, are strongly sympathetic to the agenda sketched by the organisers. Tony Benn also is genuinely keen, though on a more superficial level: too many of his speeches begin and end with declarations that we must "stand up for what we believe", without ever saying very much (let alone anything new) about what it is that we should be believing. Many other left MPs are known to be suspicious of the whole exercise, not least because it involves non-Labour people; or see it simply as a platform for the Benn-Heffer campaign.

Whenever the leadership issue was mentioned the level of debate dropped through the floor. People who had been discussing the future began invoking the spirit of 1945. Benn claimed that Kinnock's project was a mere return to the ethos of Wilson and Callaghan. Heffer seemed to believe that Labour had always been a solidly socialist party until sometime in the last few weeks when Kinnock betrayed it. It was hard to tell whose view of the past was the more bizarre, and whose obsession with it more complete.

Socialists are huddling together for warmth and proximity leads them to lower their voices

There are still clear limits to tolerance. Much of it would undoubtedly have disappeared had there been speakers arguing, for instance, that multilateralism might be an acceptable price for Labour to pay for power. Very few people turned up from either of the main sources of "soft left" thinking: the *Marxism Today* / Eurocommunist axis and the Labour Co-ordinating Committee.

I have never yet witnessed an intelligent, serious, questioning debate on any broad political issue at a Labour party meeting, from ward branches to the annual conference. Really worthwhile argument, in which people have their minds changed and sometimes even admit as much, seems to take place only *within* groups that already accept a lot of common ground. Last week's conference began to break from that miserable legacy, and was able to do so precisely because it wasn't purely a Labour event. Continuing the breakout requires open exchange also with groups like the LCC.

Hilary Wainwright, who more than any other individual started the Chesterfield bandwagon rolling, argued in a recent book that there are now two Labour parties. These were not the traditional left and right, but a "labourist" bloc—bureaucratic, insular, statist, hostile to new thought and to initiative from below—and its antithesis. The term "labourism" has always seemed to me to be hopelessly ill-defined and heavily overworked. I have also, more seriously, doubted whether Wainwright's second dynamic, receptive, libertarian Labour-in-waiting existed outside her imagination.

Most of the Labour left, Bennite and otherwise, seemed at least as unimaginative, as intolerant and as fixated on the creaking old party machine as their opponents. Some aspects of Chesterfield, like the speeches at the *Briefing* rally devoted entirely to abusing the enemy within (within Haringey Labour Party, that is), or the wild cheers that greeted every derogatory reference to Kinnock, reinforced this gloomy conviction. Other moments, and on balance more of them, spoke of openness, of real intellectual excitement. If the movement can build on those, Wainwright may yet become entitled to a resounding "I told you so".

There is next to no chance, in the short or medium term, of the ideas expressed at Chesterfield winning endorsement from the Labour Party. Even if they did, there would be no prospect in the present climate of them gaining an electoral majority. The prospect of Chesterfield being a launching pad for "recapturing" the Labour Party—which is clearly the way most in the Campaign Group see it—is both unfeasible and undesirable. But we need these ideas to be present, to be developed, for movements to form around them: movements which in the longer run will influence Labour thinking and the wider national climate. One could quite consistently give three cheers for Chesterfield but grudgingly give Kinnock one's vote. I shall probably do just that. But I'll watch myself for symptoms of schizophrenia.

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LETTERS

Something for something

The interesting thing about Bruce Kent's letter, *(NSS*, 10 June) in response to my arguments on Labour's defence policy, is that he agrees with me. "Of course, independent or unilateral initiatives should be set in the context of invitations to others to respond constructively", he writes. "Charles Osgood's 1962 GRIT formula makes as much sense now as it did then." That such a highly respected unilateralist leader should express his case in these terms shows how realistic the new CND approach has become.

At present, there is every chance of such initiatives being taken up enthusiastically by the Russians. Unilateral initiatives are likely, therefore, to be an excellent means of increasing the pace of multilateral disarmament.

In my column on 3 June, I wrote: "Rightly or wrongly, a policy that can be presented to the public by opponents as offering *something for nothing* is liable to stop any forward march of Labour in its tracks." Two days later Neil Kinnock picked up this phrase when he told a television interviewer that there was now no need for "a something for nothing unilateralism."

More than anything, "something for nothing" seems to have touched a raw nerve, yet it is not clear why it should have done so. As Bruce Kent points out, there is actually every hope of getting something in return.

What Labour needs now to advocate—and here Mr Kinnock should be criticised for being insufficiently positive—is a new, hard-headed unilateralism, suitable for the post-Cold War age. In place of Thatcherite *force de frappe* chauvinism Labour must declare its determination to take bold, one-sided initiatives, however much these may scandalise our NATO partners in the short-run. The aim of such unilateral action will be precisely to obtain something for something, in order to hasten the process of international nuclear divestment.

What is important and exciting is that—despite all the media-inflated fuss—on this critical issue the leader of the Labour Party and the chair of CND no longer stand far apart.

Ben Pimlott,
9 Milner Place,
Islington,
London N1

Endorsing the 'loony' right

I was most interested to see the very fair report *(NS*, 13 May) about the 50 Haringey Conservatives who endorsed a statement opposing the use of Clause 28 to persecute gays.

As the initiator of that statement, which was signed by activists and local councillors as well as ordinary party members, I thought your readers might like to know that reaction within the party has been very favourable towards equality for gays and lesbians in Haringey, and this mood should be built upon.

I am somewhat saddened by the attitude of many on the left who believe that the Labour Party has a monopoly on tolerance and reason. It is very unfortunate that Haringey Council has embarked upon a policy of defiance of the Local Government Act, as this will undermine support among non-gay people for equality.

The majority of Conservatives who signed my statement were not gay, and it is important for organisations representing gays to foster this support. The first step towards doing that is to re-establish a consensus among political parties about gay issues, which will in turn encourage more people in the Conservative Party to speak out on the issue.

Ron Aitken
Hornsey and Wood Green
Conservative Association
Vincent Lodge,
Vincent Road,
London N22

A last gasp at radicalism

So I detect in the dying days of the *NS* a last gasp at radicalism. Or should we take the breath of fresh air represented in "Left, Right and Burnage" *(NS*, 27 May) as intimations of things to come. I hope the new *NSS* will continue to look for such innovative pieces which do not simply regurgitate old left orthodoxies.

Peter Franklin
London SE24

Lines of a launch

Owing to a misprint in my *Lines for a launch (NS&S*, 10 June), the phrase "The spirit of Conservation" appeared as "The spirit of Conservatism". We wouldn't want readers to get the wrong idea.

Roger Woddis
London N13

Working class credentials

I wish to cross straws with your reviewer, Anne Smith (Books, *NSS*, 20 May). It is with her eulogist review of Ralph Glasser's autobiography, *Gorbals Boy at Oxford.*

Frankly, the picture Anne Smith presents to us of Ralph Glasser through his latest autobiography, in my view, simply exposes him as an *inverted* social and academic snob. Having read his earlier book, *Growing up in the Gorbals*—a puffed-up reviewed, spacious, over-rated work—I was not surprised by Anne Smith's revelations of Glasser's life at Oxford, or rather his reactions to the whole concept of "Oxbridge" life and its personalities, as he found them.

I, too, am a product of working-class life. Of East End slum and factory conditions. I, too, suffered years of deprivation, poverty, unemployment and the dole-queues—even, sheer starvation. My own trade was even more "seasonal" than Glasser's garment factory—it was millinery. Admitted, I did not walk up or down staircases swimming with ankle-deep overflows from communal toilets (we, too, had to share ours) in urine and shit (somewhat dubious, this, in my view), but he did have a proper home and a family.

But what his good fortune was, was to have something I would have given my right arm for—a place at Oxford, which opened all the doors to his eventual successes in the higher echelons of the Civil Service and a member of the "Elitist" world in the professions.

And it cost him nothing.

I was unable to go to Oxbridge, but I was a member of the nearest association to those twin universities—the Working Mens' Colleges. They gave us a liberal education that enabled us to raise our "horizons" directly through the splendid, *freely* given teaching and intellectual stimulus, unselfishly provided by those very types of men, Glasser so churlishly, and snivellingly, derides, and their institutions.

No one, for a moment, disputes the whole social injustice of the English cast and class systems in education—I am a victim of it myself—but fair's fair, and he has had little to carp and moan about. He's not done too badly out of it. It's all sheer humbug!

Philip P Bober
Bognor Regis
West Sussex

Reforming the Lords

In the renewed clamour for reform of the House of Lords we should remember Shaw's comment that the Commons is composed of 650-odd of the most scheming and ambitious people in the country, and that the House or Lords is the truly democratic body because its members are there for the reason the rest of us are here; because they are the sons of their fathers.

Make the second chamber, then, a form of yearly or two-yearly jury service. Choose any name at random from the electoral roll in each constituency to find the members, who would be compelled to attend (as for jury service) and paid the same as MPs. Call the new chamber what it would be, a House of Commons, and the present House of Commons the Senate. We would have, at last, a genuinely representative chamber.

Charles Fyffe
London NW6

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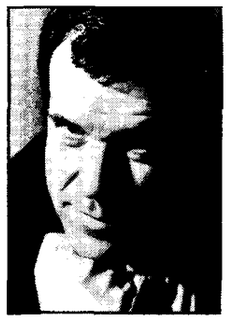
STATE OF THE NATION

Flagpole politics

John Lloyd



Politics has become much more obviously a certain kind of art. Not a matter of working out a "strategy" in meticulous detail then implementing it — as the left has wished to do and believes that Mrs Thatcher does: nor a matter of waiting to see what turns up.

Rather it has become a matter of *throwing stones and seeing how far the ripples spread*; or alternatively, *running it up the flagpole and seeing who salutes*. It is quite possible that something of this has always been true: but the point about the contemporary age is that it is consciously so, and that a battery of media and polling techniques have been mobilised behind it.

Kenneth Baker, the Education Secretary, is perhaps the best example of flagpole politics in government. His education reforms, notably the measures which will give headteachers more control over their school budgets and will allow parents to opt out of local education authority control, are seen by him not so much as delineations of fixed goals but as toes in the water: if it's warm, more of the Baker extremities follow until, good heavens, it's no longer extreme but established fact and wisdom.

The past two weeks have shown that Neil Kinnock is a fellow practitioner of flagpole politics. In explicitly adopting this technique, he is dropping, not so much stones as little depth charges into the muddy waters of Labour's policy thinking: and he is also destroying the monolithic approach to policy and to programme. This legacy of the seventies is now gradually being purged from Labour thinking. The monolith approach reached its late flowering in the 1983 manifesto: it was the doctrine of all-inclusiveness, of a plan for everything, of the need to aggregate every demand, every objection and every patent cure into a *programme* total in its coverage, magnificent in its scope and right-on in its ideals.

It was right-on-ness which did it for Michael Meacher. Right-on-ness in the Labour Party demanded the most rigid fidelity to ever-more extreme policies *and*, if humanly possible, the creation of a proletarian or at least socialist family tree. Tony Benn, of whom Meacher was then a devotee, set the tone by dropping the "Wedgwood-" from his name and elite elements from his *Who's Who* entry. Those whose pasts were not so much a matter of public record were clearly tempted to go even further. Thus, just as the line that "I was born in the Gorbals and clawed my way up" was having less effect in stimulating guilt, admiration and the offer of a job in real life, so the Labour Party adopted its own form of the thing — to the added irony that it was deployed to the sound of working class members, and voters — charging for the exits. Yet another irony: Kinnock, the man who among all Labour's leaders has the best claim to be born within the working class, is doing most, and will have to do more, to give Labour the aspect of a party which cares little for class except to see its malign effects diminished.

The depth charges which Kinnock is letting off are as yet muffled: wrapped in the policy review, or in protestations that everything is just as socialist as ever it was. It's becoming clear what Labour policy won't be, but less clear what it will be. And the announcement which made the biggest bang — the "something for something" Kinnock interview on defence on *This Week Next Week* — does contain, as commentators have noted, many ambiguities and repetitions.

True as the objections are, they are not the largest point. In flagpole politics, especially for an opposition three or four years away from an election, there is a certain merit to increasing the size and stridency of the flags by degree. On each occasion, you more clearly see who are the supporters and who the enemy.

Neil Kinnock is destroying the right-on 1970s legacy of monolithic policy malaise.

But flagpole politics demands something else. Though its virtue is the desire to identify and run with the popular grain, it also needs to give the impression that those hoisting the flag want something which the popular grain hasn't yet learned to run along. It needs, in short, to be led as well as identified: the flag-hoisters have to convince the putative saluters that they have a vision which the latter may admire and follow, but have not worked out for themselves. For if they had, what use politicians?

Kinnock's depth charges point in a clear enough direction. But before much longer, he must show that he understands the logic of the direction, and that he can cope with the movements from below which will impel him to respond from above. The logic demands the development of policy, and of dialogue, in three interrelated areas.

First, *the definition of the public sphere*. The greatest hostage to fortune given by the Prime Minister was her observation, in a woman's magazine interview, that "there is no such thing as society". To stop that being a self-fulfilling prophecy, Labour must present the people with a view of the social sphere as one where citizens can again involve themselves in a network of rights and responsibilities, of relationships which are not, or not wholly, market-based. The regeneration of the social sphere — of education, housing, care of the young and the old — requires more than just some new money and new plans. The citizenry must be involved on a very large scale.

Second, *constitutional reform*. The monarchy, the Lords and the voting system are not democratically or intellectually defensible. However, they can only be properly confronted by a party which can defend its *own* constitution — which means that Labour must evolve into the party of one person one vote, of mass involvement, of an end to the union block vote and for state aid for all parties. Those who object that this is not practical had better reflect on what an incubus the union link is for Labour: and that other countries' parties of the left can maintain unions' financial and other support without requiring armies of phantom voters holding up their cards at conferences.

Third, *European democracy*. The increased integration of the European Community will happen at some speed: it is the particular responsibility of parties of the left to ensure that full-throated European integration, needed to ensure living future standards for Europe's people, is accompanied by democratic forms and counterweights to capital and the right. Were Labour to become *the* pro-European party and to win power on that basis, it would find itself athwart the great modernisation movement of our times — *and* it would give this country a chance of joining with a presently left-of-centre France and Spain and a possibly left-of-centre (but certainly centrist) West Germany and Italy to revive the European project and give it popular shape.

If Kinnock were to run *these* flags up the flagpole, there would be a lot of saluting down here. There would be a bit of shelling as well — but that's getting lighter all the time, if the vacuities of Chesterfield are anything to go by.

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Dismantling the fiefdoms

For nine years Anne Power has been a director of the government-sponsored Priority Estates Project, which intensively tackles the problems of Britain's worst council estates. She argues that plans to reform council housing are fraught with uncertainty.

Council housing is under frequent attack. It is caught up in the conflict between a government hostile to the traditionally power of local authorities and Labour councils bitterly resistant to a reduced housing role.

Britain is unique in running the vast majority of its rented housing stock under direct political control, with large bureaucratic town halls exercising a virtual monopoly over subsidised housing for rent. But massive organisational changes are taking place in our society (and not just ours), leading to new styles of organisation — less hierarchical, less authoritarian, more diverse, more flexible, more collaborative, more autonomous. For a century, council housing has been run more as a "municipal fiefdom" than as a service to tenants. If for no other reason, its organisation was bound to change towards more choice and diversity.

But not all council tenants are enthusiastic about the government's proposals to break up local authority landlords. According to a recent survey carried out by the National Consumer Council, most council tenants simply do not want to change their landlord. This suggests that the government's plans to transfer a million council properties out of council ownership might be far less popular than its earlier right to buy legislation, which led to one million council tenants becoming owner occupiers. Nonetheless, a further one million council properties might be transferred out of council ownership — a massive shift in the structure and organisation of council housing.

The government will use five main mechanisms to transform council housing.

- The declaration of Housing Action Trusts – government sponsored bodies with power to take over compulsorily the ownership and management of the most run-down inner city council estates.
- The transfer to independent landlords of council housing on condition that the majority of existing tenants do not object.
- Strong support and an expanding role for housing associations and tenant co-operatives.
- Targeting additional resources through the Department of the Environment's Estate Action Programme to the most needy council estates, where the local authority is prepared to innovate and establish estate-based management to ensure an effective local service.
- The continued expansion of owner-occupation.

There are several uncertainties and doubts about the government's strategy, particularly over the role of housing associations and tenant co-operatives, which will play a small but symbolically significant role. With only half a million dwellings, compared with over five million council dwellings, housing associations and co-operatives have shown immense variety and flexibility, if on a minuscule scale: they have been popular, local and responsive. But the terms on which they will be expected to expand rapidly, doubling or tripling their stock, will be far less favourable than in the past. Their rate of expansion is fraught with uncertainty.

There are other difficulties. Private landlords operate for profit, but without subsidy it is very difficult to make it profitable to rent to low-income households. American and German governments, with a far larger and more successful private rental market than we have, know this. Besides, to transfer council properties to alternative landlords, there need to be alternative landlords ready to take over. There are few signs of such a proliferation. Quality Street, the independent landlord sponsored by Nationwide Anglia Building Society, is uniquely interesting precisely because it is unique.

Intense social problems in large areas of council housing may deter would be landlords. The government has no clear strategy for youth unemployment, homelessness, one-parent families, racial tensions, crime and policing. Problems like this need sensitive and localised responses which involve residents and outside support. The government's timescale does not fit the slow uncomfortable processes of deep social change.

There is a further danger that the government's housing initiatives will be seen to concentrate on the conversion from low-income renting to high-income owner-occupation or up-market renting, displacing low-income households and reducing the rental size of the rental market.

Other fundamental problems have to be addressed:

- The proposed voting arrangements for tenants, whereby the only votes that count are ones *against* transfer ("yes" votes have the same effect as abstensions) act as a blocking mechanism rather than a vehicle for self-confident change. Tenants in depressed and poorly organised communities might simply acquiesce in the status quo or in a takeover. Revitalisation of run-down areas requires a bigger role for residents.
- The conflict between central and local government is destructive rather than creative and may serve to make tenants the main losers.
- In a period of rapid change the condition of the poor might deteriorate even in a climate of increasing affluence. This could immeasurably damage the cohesion of our society, which would in turn affect declining public housing acutely.

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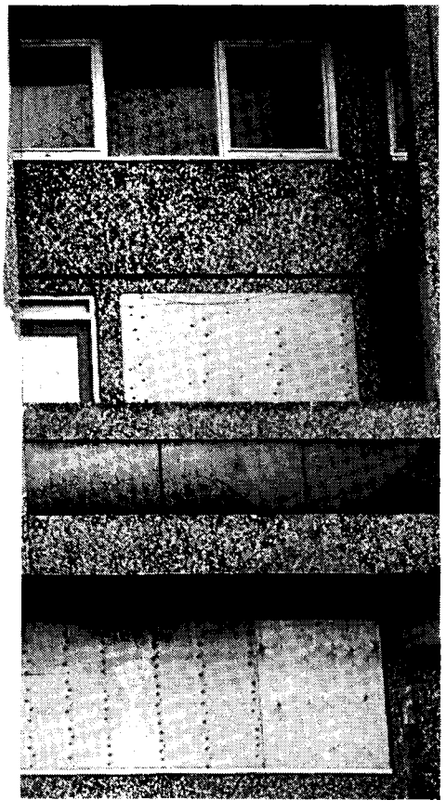
● The National Consumer Council's report must remind the government of the deep-seated fears and suspicion of tenants who are faced with new landlords. Tenants in Westminster, Tower Hamlets, Dover, Peterborough and Manchester have strongly and openly opposed the transfer of estates away from the local council. The vociferous opposition of tenants at Hulme, Manchester to the possible declaration of a housing trust weakens the impetus of the new initiatives.

In spite of these problems, the tone of the housing debate has shifted away from a simple defence of the status quo to a concern for service, answerability to tenants and estate-based organisation. There are other



Network

positive signs of change within local authorities. Many councils are openly discussing the formation of independent trusts, companies, housing associations and co-operatives to run part or all of their stock. Tenants are being asked, often for the first time, what type of landlord service they would like. There is now a sense of urgency in the debates and proposals under way. Local authority housing bodies will move with the changes for fear of witnessing their own dismemberment through imposed Housing Action Trusts or through tenants voting with their feet. Few local authorities expect the housing world of the coming decade to look much like that of the last.

The future of the 2,000 largest and most unpopular estates remains in question. They pose many more complex and intractable social and management problems than housing associations seem willing to take on. The Priority Estates Project, sponsored by the Department of the Environment, has wrestled with this challenge for nine years, showing that locally-based, resident-supported, autonomous housing management organisations can rescue even the most problematic estates. But tenants on the biggest and most difficult estates will think twice before embarking on a take-over or acquiescing in an alternative landlord without secure finance or substantial management support. The issues affecting these estates so far beyond housing alone.

There is more common ground underlying the current situation than is frequently admitted. An agenda could be brokered between all parties, smoothing the path of change and reducing conflict. It would include the following:

● A nationally recognised independent body should be set up to help tenants to form new landlord organisations (co-operatives or community-based housing association) where they want to.

● New social landlords should be regulated and monitored, modelled on procedures for housing associations and schools.

● Standards for housing management and maintenance should be introduced with adequate financial provision for housing services.

● Incentives are needed to provide affordable housing for rent through private bodies in areas of shortage.

● A national priority system for allocation of council housing, based on the French system which allows all social landlords to operate within it, should replace the unworkable local points system.

● There must be special provision for those vulnerable groups who cannot cope with the burden of fully independent living. They cannot any longer simply be "dumped" in the poorest housing areas.

But the context of the current changes is entirely negative. Demoralised staff working in the housing departments of local authorities face an uncertain future. There is intense competition for access to housing in areas of shortage; and council housing is becoming increasingly ghettoised. Whether, in this context, local authorities will build themselves new and more imaginative roles while encouraging tenants' choice remains to be seen. But the need for change is all but universally recognised.

This article is based on Discussion Paper 27 published by the Welfare State programme of the London School of Economics where Anne Power teaches in the Department of Social Administration.

Football in its Place

The current alarm about English football hooligans in Europe hides a much greater threat to our national game at home, argues David Canter

If the falling attendances at football matches continue at the rate they have over the last twenty years then there will be hardly anyone watching games in Britain by the end of the century.

This decline in support for football was well established before the summer of 1985, when the Bradford City fire and the Heysel tragedy drew attention to the diminishing fortunes of British soccer. Yet instead of identifying the root causes of the problem and developing a radically new approach that would save the game, we have struggled on as before.

Disasters like Bradford and Heysel do not emerge out of a vacuum. We were aware of the need to understand the context within which such tragedies occur, when we were asked by the Popplewell Inquiry to comment on psychological and behavioural aspects of these events. We therefore carried out a survey of 1000 people at ten clubs, half of whom had stopped attending football matches regularly and half of whom were still ardent supporters. A comparison of the groups showed how desperate is the plight of British football.

We could clearly identify a cycle of self-destruction. The people who still continued to support the game had different values and attitudes from those who had lapsed. Those who had lapsed were less fanatical than those who stuck it out. The lapsed were interested in a good game, wherever it might happen. The fanatics went to matches to watch their team win and to "take the mickey" out of the other team's supporters.

Our interviews showed that the atmosphere created by fanatical supporters was attractive to some spectators but had alienated many others. This means that year by year the mood of football spectators will drift towards the spirit of embattled partisans. When we reported in 1986 to Popplewell we predicted that violence at football matches might be reduced for a year or so while that it would inevitably re-emerge. Our prophecy has come to pass far more rapidly than we had anticipated.

It is especially sad that it has been clear to a number of people associated with British football, for some time, that radical solutions are necessary to reverse the spiral of self-destruction. But all the actions that are being taken have the reverse effect. Dealing with the problem as one of policing and of containment makes fans feel like prisoners out on parole to watch their cell mates in gladiatorial combat. Looking on crowd control and violence as a problem for the police rather than one for the clubs is even more destructive.

Instead of looking at football as a problem in the management of violent youngsters, there is a quite different perspective that has proved successful in other sports in other countries. This is to see the watching of football as leisure time entertainment that has parallels to many aspects of the leisure industry. The cinema, for example, has faced the challenge of television and has increased its audiences over the last few years. Many other sports, including tennis or snooker, have grown in popular spectator appeal over the last few years. Why cannot British football do the same?

It is curious that football is so rarely considered as part of the entertainment and leisure industry. When a football club brings in a public figure to help solve its problems it's usually an ex Chief of Police like John Stalker — and not one of the Saatchi brothers who could provide a really commercial perspective.

Our research revealed four broad themes that any club must examine if it is to survive into the 21st Century. The first is to consider the spectators' perspective. The total experience of a football match needs to be improved — starting with the journey to the game. It includes the facilities available at the football ground and the conditions under which the match is watched. It is more comfortable to watch a Spanish bullfight than a British football game. There are more associated facilities at a racecourse and more integrated entertainment at a baseball match. These are all great social events that people come away from invigorated. If you ask the local supporters' club

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whether they want pre-match entertainment, decent food and stalls selling souvenirs then they will probably say they do not. They go for the atmosphere, standing yelling on the terraces in the rain. But can football continue to survive on this type of support alone?

The second theme is the recognition that clubs are very different and that this difference has its roots in significant historical and local cultural factors. Any stately home trying to attract more visitors will try and identify its particular selling points. But British football is treated as if it were some amorphous monolith. All our clubs have the names of the local community from which they arose, but how much does Chelsea reflect the particular quality of its area?

In our survey we asked supporters how they felt about various aspects of football. The differences in club culture were enormous. Sunderland supporters, have enormously different view from those of, say, Millwall. Only 14 per cent of Sunderland supporters said that it was all right to "take the mickey" compared with 63 per cent at Millwall. It follows that blanket proposals of the solutions that clubs should take to ease their problems can never be equally effective. It also follows that each club does have local strengths that it could build on to make itself particularly attractive to its community. Some clubs have had success opening their facilities to the local community. If this changes the balance of supporters then it can be an effective contribution to the overall problem.

It is particularly important to start presenting football in a more positive light as a first step in attracting new people. Our survey showed that very many more people feared violence at a football match than ever experienced it. This is not surprising: news reports often list arrests as if they were part of the final score.

Changes like this would undermine the focus on football hooligans. Most importantly we need to move away from the belief that a few violent people are the cause of all the trouble.

Many sports have had historical periods of spectator violence. The Jockey Club was, in part, set up because of outbursts at race meetings. No country is immune from spectator violence either. But these problems have not lead to the demise of these sports nor been seen as uniquely characteristic of them. British football is in danger of being destroyed by myths of its own making.

David Canter is professor of psychology at Surrey University. This article is taken from Football in its Place: An environmental psychology of football grounds *to be published later this year by Routledge.*

Judgement reserved

Jolyon Jenkins is sceptical about last week's civil justice white paper

Nigel Paige

The Lord Chancellor's civil justice review, whose white paper was published last week, took as its text Psalm 84, verse 10: "For one day in thy courts: is better than a thousand."

It's a fine sentiment — but three words, tucked away in a clause of a sentence in a note to an appendix of the paper rather take the shine off it. They are: "as yet unquantified".

The reviewers, despite having spent three years scrutinising the operation of the civil courts, still haven't worked out how much some of their proposals would cost. In particular they haven't quantified the price of the extra registrars needed to take on the cases which will devolve from County Court judges to Small Claims registrars.

In fact, of the report's 181 pages, only four are devoted to "resource implications". The crucial paragraph shows that the much-vaunted shuffling down of work through the system to relieve pressure on the High Court will amount, in terms of judge-power, to the loss of five deputy High Court judges and the appointment of ten new registrars.

But even with the workload it already has, the County Court is under-resourced — a fact that the review doesn't seem to recognise. A survey published in April by the Law Society confirmed many solicitors' impression that the courts are already clogged up. According to one who recently wrote to the Society's *Gazette*: "I attended our local County Court this morning to find that my case was one of no less than 113 cases listed for a simultaneous appointment before one registrar." It took the registrar half an hour to deal with six cases; the writer noted that to conclude the list by lunch the registrar would have had to deal with 107 cases in 50 seconds each.

Hard lobbying by the upper echelons of the judiciary means that the High Court has come out of the review almost unscathed. High Court judges were particularly irked by an earlier proposal that they should sit for an extra hour a day. This has now been dropped — though there is a suggestion that there should be a small experiment in evening sitting. There's a danger that all the review will achieve is to clear the High Court of "minor" cases (for example personal injury ones) to make way for commercial ones — leaving ordinary people to fight their way through the overloaded County Courts.

The review's vagueness must cast doubt on the seriousness of the whole plan. It was after all Lord Hailsham — showing an uncharacteristic radicalism in his old age — who commissioned the review and kept the enthusiasm going. Lord Mackay, who inherited it, doesn't have the same personal interest.

Health markets may cause trouble

Running an auction in the NHS, with patients going to the lowest bidder, could cause more problems than it solves unless it is accompanied by radical reform, the leader of Britain's health authority treasurers has warned. A half-hearted move towards an internal market — strongly favoured in the current NHS review — could make the NHS less efficient.

In an internal market, health authorities and hospitals buy and sell services from each other. The advantages seem obvious. But so far the movement is happening only on a very small scale, because health authorities have no incentive to spend any spare cash on shipping patients out to other areas. They are much more likely to spend it on improving services within their areas, even though this may lead to unnecessary duplication. According to the Healthcare Financial Management Association (HMFA), which represents health authority treasurers, many provincial cities have too many accident and emergency departments, for example, for any of them to be capable of running efficiently. But proposals to rationalise them are judged to be politically unacceptable

If health authorities are forced to trade patients without mechanisms put in place to avoid duplication of facilities, it could worsen the NHS's problems, says David Poynton, chair of the HFMA. One way of doing this would be to "rate-cap" health authorities. A fixed charge would be set centrally for the treatment of different types of patient and health authorities funded according to their mix of patients. This would give them an incentive to trade patients where they could not treat them cheaply and the disincentive to provide their own facilities if it cost too much.

Ideally, the financing of services should be separated altogether from their provision, says Poynton. Regional health authorities would hold the purse strings and invite health management organisations to tender for the provision of services. But this would mean a radical overhaul of existing structures, and is unlikely to appeal to the government.

An internal market has other drawbacks. Patients would have to travel further for treatment. It would be a big upset for GPs who would not welcome the severing of long-established relationships with consultants. And in the long term, if waiting lists declined, there might be a risk of overtreatment as hospitals would have an incentive to admit. But the HFMA believes that the gains in productivity would outweigh the disadvantages. *Jeremy Laurance*

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Final push for a national minimum wage

The message was old but the messenger was familiar. A new "low pay forum" met this week to push for that ancient dream of the left: a national minumum wage.

The forum, chaired by Rodney Bickerstaffe, general secretary of NUPE, represents a formalisation of previous *ad hoc* arrangements between academics, trades unionists, and politicians.

There were no new arguments. A national minimum wage is needed on grounds of social justice, efficiency and reduction of poverty. Labour's last manifesto contained a commitment to such a policy, and the commitment is likely to remain unscathed in the policy review. Attention is focusing instead on how the policy would be implemented. The target is for a minimum of two-thirds average earnings, £135 for a 35 hour week. This accords with the Council of Europe's "decency threshold". Nine million workers currently fall below this level.

Implementation would be phased to reduce the unemployment consequences, and calculated on an hourly *pro rata* basis.

The forum's detailed work is an attempt to overcome the vulnerability of the policy to Conservative claims about disastrous employment consequences. Before the last election Lord Young claimed that up to 600,000 jobs would be lost if a minimum wage was set at half average earnings.

This estimate is hotly disputed in the "green paper." It predicts that overall no more than one per cent would be added to the country's wage bill. But it concedes that particular sectors would have considerably larger rises. Hotel and catering labour costs would rise by 18 per cent and wages in hairdressing by 20 per cent.

A serious flaw in the green paper's case is that it takes no account of the knock-on effects that would occur as the if pay differentials were eroded. Workers paid just above the minimum would almost certainly push for their relative position to be restored, creating a domino effect of pay increases. If the minimum was linked to the rise in average wages, then a vicious circlewould be created.

A more damning criticism of the green paper is that it doesn't address the argument that a minimum wage would be badly targetted, failing to reach families with the lowest incomes. A DHSS study published last year found that of the 6.9 million people in families below the poverty line, only 8 per cent were in two-parent families with the head of household in a full time job. In the words of the LSE submission to the 1978 Royal Commission on the distribution of income and wealth "it is the presence or absence of earnings rather than the level of pay in work that mainly determines which families are the poorest." *James Stephenson*

New race code for Housing Bill

Housing Minister William Waldegrave has announced important concessions in the Housing Bill to meet the demands of the Commission for Racial Equality and Labour and Liberal opponents for stronger measures against racial discrimination.

One government amendment being tabled to the Bill, now completing its Report Stage in the Commons, will lay down a code of practice to be followed in both public and private sectors, owner-occupier and rented. This will be given "statutory force" so that it can be cited in court cases. It will lay out clearly what the law is, what counts as racial discrimination and how it can be avoided.

Colin Hann, acting director of the CRE's housing, education and services section, told us: "It will make the Race Relations Act more effective on housing. Both the CRE and individuals who want to fight cases in the courts will be better placed to do so, but, perhaps most important, it will check discrimination taking place in the first place. The CRE can issue discrimination notices, but this may be too late to help those discriminated against. The code should help to stop it happening initially. People will no longer be able to claim ignorance of the law."

A second amendment being put down by Waldegrave will extend the duty to avoid racial discrimination and promote equal opportunities (which already exists for local authorities) to the Housing Corporation and the Housing Action Trusts which are to be established under the Bill

Discrimination has been proved against almost all groups involved in housing. Four years ago Hackney council was indicted by the CRE for allocating its best housing to whites. The issue of a discrimination notice to a large London estate agent is to be announced shortly.

The CRE sees it as significant that the government is now finally prepared to back up the Race Relations Acts in this way — though it expects the effect of the new "duties" to be largely psychological. *John Lewis*

Social work records at risk

The government has confirmed that poll tax registration officers will have access to local authority social security records in order to extract names and addresses for the register. The records include names of those receiving support from social workers, and those who get meals on wheels.

The Local Government Finance Bill imposes a duty on registration officers to take "reasonable steps" to get the information they need, and on councils to provide it. Some files will be "prescribed" — off limits — including those held by police, family practitioner committees, health authorities, and those of councils on their own employees. But not social work records.

Tory peer Baroness Faithfull, herself a social worker, argued during the debate on the bill last week in the Lords that social workers have access to a great deal of sensitive information and that their relationship with their clients could be jeopardised. But Home Office minister, the Earl of Caithness, said that only names and addresses would be given out.

But these are themselves sensitive. People who need help, but cannot afford the poll tax, may not come forward if they know their names will be given to the registration officers. It could also hinder social workers in child abuse cases who need to know about *all* adults living in a house. The British Association of Social Workers has told the government that its proposals would force social workers to breach their professional code of ethics "that information clearly entrusted for one purpose should not be used for another purpose without sanction."

The matter will next be debated during the report stage in the Lords on 29 June. *Sarah Spencer*

WELFARE WATCH

Housing Benefit Supplement (HBS) was a messy benefit and it comes as no surprise that the government has made a mess of abolishing it. Although it was awarded under the supplementary benefit rules it was paid as an addition to housing benefit. Its purpose was to ensure that the interaction of the two benefits did not leave some people with a net income below supplementary benefit level.

Last week Nicholas Warren, the Birkenhead Resource Unit's solicitor, persuaded an appeal tribunal that social services secretary John Moore had exceeded his powers in abolishing HBS a week before it was due to disappear as part of the April social security cuts. The significance of the date is that people getting SB immediately before 11 April were allowed to receive the same amount under the new income support scheme. Since HBS counted as a supplementary benefit, it would have qualified for this protection. Abolishing it a week early meant that it was no longer there to be protected.

The decision could benefit some 400,000 claimants — mainly pensioners — by around £4 a week. But the DHSS is almost certain to appeal, so it may be many months before the question is finally settled. It hangs on a fine legal point: whether the regulation abolishing the supplement was subject to the "affirmative procedure", which means that it could not come into force until approved by parliament; the "negative procedure", under which it would come into force automatically; or both.

Normally, no such doubt arises because the Act giving power to make regulations specifies which procedure applies. In this case two Acts were involved — the Supplementary Benefits Act 1976 and the Social Security Act 1986 — and they appeared to conflict. But the Birkenhead tribunal ruled that the 1986 Act did not overrule the 1976 one, and that the regulations were subject to the negative procedure. As a result, HBS was still payable in the crucial week before 11 April.

Whether the 400,000 claimants get their money depends not only on what the social security commissioners or the appeal court eventually decide but also on how the government responds if it loses the crucial battle. The most likely response, on past form, would be a clause in the next social security bill confirming the government's original intention. Mr Moore would be left with egg on his face and the pensioners would continue to lose out — a situation to which he and they are accustomed.

The immediate effect, however, is to add to the confusion resulting from the benefit cuts and the panic measures to alleviate them. Already half a million people have little or no idea how much benefit they are entitled to, and no means of finding out — since the special DHSS unit that will work out their entitlement does not yet even exist. We can only hope that the government will defer the next round of benefit cuts until the chaos produced by the last round has been cleared up. *Tony Lynes*

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DATABASE

The green belt

London's green belt covered 5,791 square kilometres in 1984, the most recent year for which figures are available.

Green belts surround all the major cities in the country. However, London's green belt is by far the largest covering 30 per cent of total national green belt land.

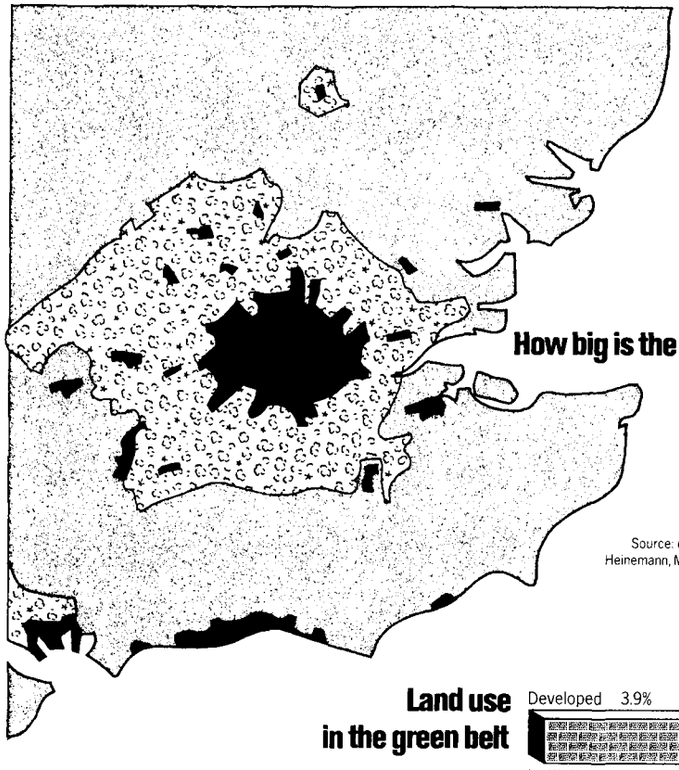
London was the first city to have a green belt. The then London County Council began giving grants to buy land in 1935. The policy was given legislative blessing in the 1938 Green Belt (London and Home Counties) Act.

A 1955 government circular called *Green Belts* encouraged other local authorities to follow the example of London and submit plans for detailed green belts. The circular defined the purpose of green belts as being, to check the growth of large built-up areas, to prevent neighbouring towns merging into each other, and to preserve the special character of a town.

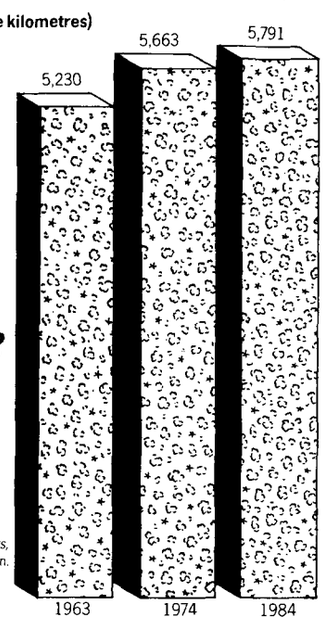
According to Martin Elson, author of the definitive study, *Green Belts*, they have never been inviolate. They provide a presumption against development, but not an absolute veto. Indeed, for much of the post war period the *de facto* green belt was not formerly approved by the department of the environment. Approximately half of the approved green belt has not been incorporated into detailed local plans prepared by district councils.

In practice, the green belt has remained remarkably constant. Between 1970 and 1981, for instance, an average of 11 hectares a year was lost to uses that did not conform to green belt criteria. It is against this background that the current heated political battle between builders and home counties conservationists—two pillars of the Conservative Party—is taking place. The builders argue that projected population growth in the south east means that there will be more than 600,000 new households by the end of the century, some at least in the green belt.

Enter Nicholas Ridley's target of 610,000 new houses in the 1990's. The shire county lobby, headed by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the SANE planning group, argue for the unambiguous preservation of the green belt. Building, they believe, should occur inside or outside the belt. *James Stephenson*

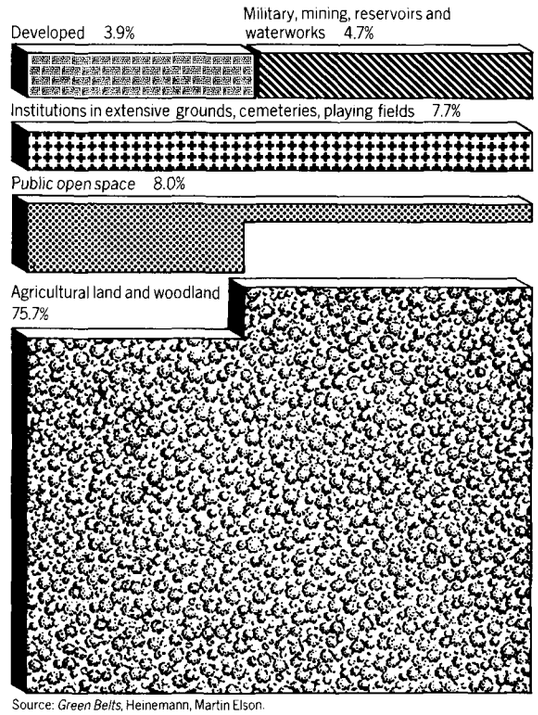


How big is the belt?



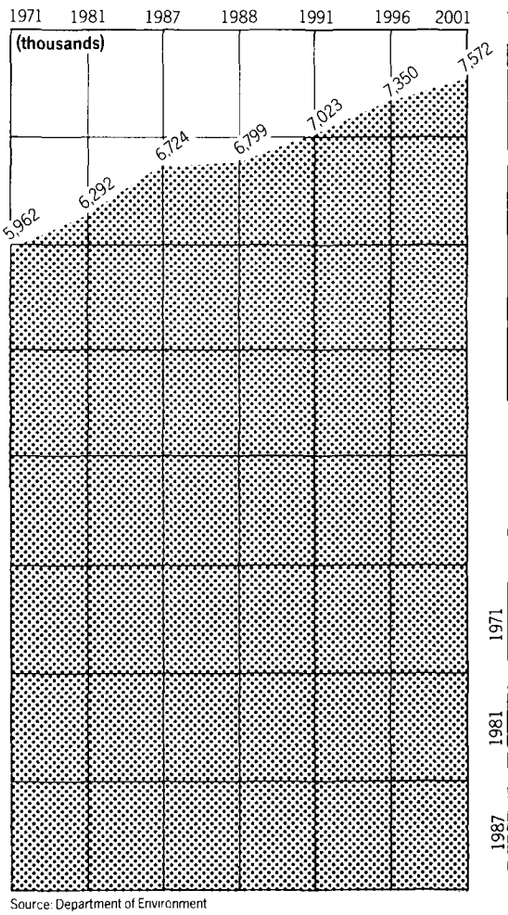
Source: *Green Belts*, Heinemann, Martin Elson.

Land use in the green belt


Developed 3.9%
Military, mining, reservoirs and waterworks 4.7%
Institutions in extensive grounds, cemeteries, playing fields 7.7%
Public open space 8.0%
Agricultural land and woodland 75.7%

Source: *Green Belts*, Heinemann, Martin Elson.

Estimated number of households in south east

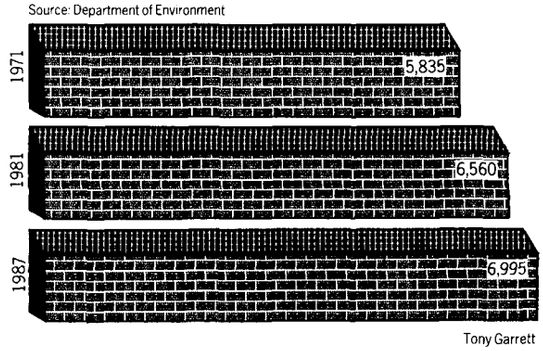


Source: Department of Environment

Homes in the south east

(thousands)

Source: Department of Environment



Tony Garrett

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"What are you gonna do?"

Jolyon Jenkins went to see the launch of Enterprise and the Inner Cities

It was one of those champagne-sodden non-events in which PR companies put so much faith. We, the press, stood beneath two converging lines of the Docklands Light Railway—as if in a futuristic *West Side Story* set. We were to watch a song-and-dance troupe called Rich Street (above) do their stuff.

We've read all the leaflets
We've pulled out all the stops
And you'd better believe it
We've even been on YOPs

The press conference had been arranged to hype *another* conference in October called "Enterprise and the Inner Cities" which will publicise the entrepreneurial opportunities available for business in the "community". It's being staged by a private company, World Trade Promotions Ltd. Nowadays—since the Prime Minister's election victory speech—urban regeneration is big business.

When you're one of millions unemployed
Tell me what there is to be enjoyed
Cos if that's the real meaning of life
You can see why some guys
End up using a knife

Rich Street were there, according to a handout, "as a symbol of how private sector investment can influence the lives of people." Several of the group members, it boasted, had "encountered the wrong side of the law. Danny, for instance, lived in a cardboard box in Leicester Square. Lorenzo has known both borstal and detention centres. Matt was involved in gang warfare."

So what are you gonna do to help when we're beginning
And what are you gonna do to make our lives
Worth living?

The song finished; we clapped. I asked one of Rich Street's manager, one Timothy Woolford, to explain their presence. "My company decided that it wanted to respond to the inner city initiative. We placed adverts in the *Stage* and *New Musical Express* and we did some regional auditions. We took them off the streets, where they weren't much use. Enterprise and the Inner Cities heard about us and said, we think what you're doing artistically is very similar to what we're doing commercially so we'd like to adopt you and have you run with us as your resident entertaining unit. They've provided exposure and, hopefully, entrees to corporate entities."

"Until we empower the unemployed in the inner cities to change their own lives, we haven't got a hope in hell"

He elaborated: "We think this is an excellent vehicle for sponsorship for a company who really want to be seen to be identifying with kids off the street. CBS are keen to record the song you've just heard: the sponsor would get exposure on the video. And we would have, I don't know, ICI emblazoned all over the programmes for the shows and that sort of thing."

"Who wrote the material," I asked, intrigued by its banality.

"David Barnes. David, come and meet the New Statesman!" He introduced a small, dapper man.

"I wrote the music and most of the lyrics," he confirmed. So wasn't he literally putting words in their mouths? "You can say I'm doing that, but that's come about as a result of actually talking to them. It's the only way: you can't expect them to actually write the material as well. We've got other verses about yuppies, for example..."

But before we could talk more we were whisked off to go on a boat trip down the Thames. There was a lot more alcohol. Speeches, mostly inaudible over the boat's engine, were made. I did, though, hear Anita Roderick, founder of the hugely successful Body Shop, say this:

"What baffles me what big business inner city rejuvenation really is. I've been to a lot of these conferences and I've left somewhat saddened by the big bucks being made by the building companies and consultancies, and the bottom line is always that the young who are unemployed are still unemployed... Until we *empower* the employed and the people in the inner cities to change their own lives, we haven't got a hope in hell."

Just so. Plucking demoralised youths off the street, and putting words their mouths so they can be a "sponsorship vehicle" for ICI is charitable. But is it empowerment?

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"The Inner London Probation Service owes me five months expenses. This is not a complaint. I haven't applied for any payments since last December and the reason is very simply that the claims forms are so irritating and drawn out that almost anything can distract me from filling them in. It wasn't always like that. But some 16 years ago some talented young entrepreneur stretched the system so far—he visited prisons almost every day even when he hadn't clients there—that there was the inevitable clamp-down.

Anyway, last Thursday I decided I must make a start and I pulled out one of the wretched forms and was just trying to remember what time I left work on 3 January, when to my relief "The Fiddler" called in. (He gained the name because he persistently both claimed the dole and worked in the building trade.)

"See what they're up to now, do you?" said Fiddler reproachfully. "Chasing up anyone who wants to give their family a decent standard of living? It's a bloody disgrace!" Fiddler was, I rapidly gathered, referring to the recent report in which the Social Security inspectorate claimed during the past year to have unearthed £55 million in false claims.

"I'll tell you this," he continued. "If an out of work man with a wife and kids doesn't try to earn a little extra here and there, you can be sure he's a no-good bastard—or up to something far worse like drug peddling or burglaries."

At that point I felt that pompous instinct that leads to high morality. "Listen: if you get caught fiddling once more," I said, "your family will only see you from behind bars for the next couple of years." He responded with a sniff and a grunt which again left me wondering whether ethical systems create their own allergic reactions.

When Fiddler departed I returned to the claim form only to be interrupted again, this time by Little Mary. She has no problems about money; once she tried Social Security—"but to get a few bob you have to wait in a cattle market all day and then in the end they tell you to come back again another day!" As a result she decided to go "on the game" and now earns around £80 a night which, she says, allows her to bring up her two kids decently.

Once again we went over old ground. Wasn't she worried about Aids? "No Mr P. I've given up sucking offs and all the customers have to wear rubbers." But wouldn't she prefer an ordinary job? "Yeah, but where could I get the money and the flexible hours to look after the kids properly?" I tried to think of some other telling point for morality—but failed.

"Would you like your travelling fares?" I finally asked, knowing she would refuse but like to be asked. Mary smiled. "You keep it for yourself" she said—demonstrating very clearly that she had no idea how Probation expenses claims work."

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The breeding of abuse

Nothing corrupts like power. Pat McNeill looks at institutions and social structures that foster cruelty.

Network

Revelations about cruel or neglectful treatment of the elderly in a tiny minority of residential homes, in both the public and the private sector, continue to be made with depressing regularity. Typically, the media's response is to seek out individuals to blame for these abuses, and to personalise what has happened in strongly-worded attacks on the activities of named persons.

The news media usually do this in an attempt to make their stories more attractive to the audience, but ordinary people's response to this kind of story tends also to emphasise the individual and to ignore the importance of the setting in which such things happen. By contrast, sociologists, in seeking to explain behaviour, will study the context and the actors in that context. Where an outside observer might ask: "What kind of person could behave in that way towards helpless old people?", a sociologist would ask "What kinds of social settings generate that kind of response in the people in them?"

Where the first view would see the solution to malpractice to be throwing out the rotten apples from the barrel, the second sees the barrel and the way its contents are organised as being at least as important.

In what other social relationships does an imbalance of dependency create an imbalance of power? What is the outcome?

Discussion topic

Howard Becker, in an interview recorded in 1970, points out that Erving Goffman (1961), while by no means the first writer to describe what went on in mental institutions, was the first to make it clear that the abuses were "not some kind of aberration . . . but rather a characteristic feature of the system. He described what were thought to be the abuses of the mental health institutions not as the work of some bad people but as the way those organisations worked, as integral features of them. Ethnographic research leads you to see that what might be thought of as pathologies are in fact integral to the systems they exist in."

Goffman's book is usually cited with reference to the problems of institutionalisation of inmates, but the original work has just as much to say about the effects of institutional life on staff.

Experimental research also has looked at the effects on people of being placed in positions of power in institutions. Haney, Banks and Zimbardo (1973) set up a simulated prison and assigned 24 volunteers to the roles of guard and of prisoner. The "guards" were led to believe that the focus of the research was on the behaviour of the "prisoners". The regulations of the "prison" were explained, and the guards were then given the authority to run the prison within these rules.

The experiment had, however, to be ended after only six days because of the reaction of both guards and prisoners. Some prisoners were retreating into apathy by the second day, and some had to be released early because of emotional stress. Many of the guards showed enjoyment of the power they had been given and abused it, mainly through insulting the prisoners, and by transforming their rights into privileges — then arbitrarily withholding them.

The prisoners welcomed the early end of the experiment, but the guards were reluctant to give up the extreme power and control which they had exercised. There were individual differences in the behaviour of the guards, ranging from the relatively passive, through the "tough but fair", to those who engaged in "creative cruelty and harassment". But no guard ever challenged the behaviour of another guard, which meant that the behaviour of the toughest guard became the norm for that shift.

There is always a question-mark over the validity of experimental evidence like this. How far is what happens in the experimental situation true of what happens in the real world? Haney et al. recognise this but suggest that, if these extreme reactions occur in less than a week in a situation which everyone knows to be experimental and temporary, there is an even greater probability that they will occur in a real prison.

Two key concepts are relevant to the both the simulated prison and residential homes for the elderly: power and dependency. Power is an aspect of all relations of interdependence, but unequal amounts of dependency create unequal distribution of power. In the prison, the rules enabled the guards to establish a "network of dependency relations" which "not only promoted helplessness among the prisoners, but served to emasculate them as well".

In homes for the elderly, the residents are by definition dependent to some extent, so the balance of dependency between residents and staff is very unequal; so, therefore, is the balance of power. To varying degrees, residents depend on staff for their physical needs, and this is likely to increase with the passing of time. In addition, while residents can upset staff from time to time, staff can undermine the residents' sense of security and emotional stability much more easily and more profoundly, even without any intention to do so.

In the final analysis, while the care staff can detach themselves when they go home, or even walk out of the job, most residents do not have this choice. This imbalance creates the risk not only of what Goffman called "situational withdrawal" by residents, but of the routine exercise by care staff of a degree of power which easily crosses the line into cruelty, as the norms of interpersonal relations in the outside world become remote and apparently irrelevant.

Max Weber defined power as "the probability that one actor within a social relationship will be in a position to carry out his will despite resistance, regardless of the basis on which this probability rests". Where the parties to a relationship have roughly equal control over each other's needs and wants, each will be constrained in what they can do to the other. Where such control is markedly unequal, such constraints may disappear altogether. This is a risk of which all those who work in residential homes must be aware.

E. Goffman Asylums *(Doubleday 1961, Pelican 1968) C. Haney, C. Banks, P. Zimbardo* A Study of Prisoners and Guards in a Simulated Prison, *reprinted in D.Potter Society and the Social Sciences (RKP 1981)*

Society Today is New Statesman and Society*'s weekly termtime page designed for A level and other sociology students.*

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ESSAY BY PATRICK WRIGHT

The man who would be Christ

Donald Trump, the US property billionaire, recently came to London to check the place out for possible deals. Patrick Wright saw him coming.

About six months ago, I was in New York for a brief visit and took a walk up Fifth Avenue one Sunday before Christmas. The street was packed with shoppers and the Salvation Army were well dug in on the corners, tinkling handbells against the noise of blaring car horns, and foraying out into the crowd to appeal on behalf of the unfortunates for whom Christmas promised only another freezing night in a doorway.

The shop windows were alight with seasonal tableaux. The larger department stores had roped off special viewing areas

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on the street, put their doormen out as ushers and filled their windows with animated dream sequences in which Christmas merged with peak moments in the history of the American spirit.

The real crowdpuller was set in a nursery interior of the most wishful old-fashioned kind. A model steam train circled a laden Christmas tree and then wound through the cuttings and tunnels of a snow-covered landscape in the next window. Around the train model children went through mechanical motions of their own: fixing a broken carriage, working the controls or just following things with an enchanted doe-like eye. Saks and Co may deal in the latest styles, but the sentimentally contrived clockwork romance in their window greeted every passing shopper as Citizen Kane.

Further along Fifth Avenue I came to a new building which is a stranger to such discretion. Identified by two-foot high bronze letters over its prominent doorway, this is Trump Tower—an uncompromisingly modern glass edifice which rises in stepped and tree-covered terraces up to the height of the Tiffany building next door, and then soars on up for 58 saw-toothed floors.

Trump Tower is unmistakably brazen. Huge revolving doors deliver one, under the watchful eye of doormen whose uniforms have been likened to those of South American generals on parade, into an "atrium" of bursting flamboyance. The place is an explosion of polished brass and brilliant pink marble—raised to a high shine on both floor and walls. Reflective glass fills the area with a speculative sense of space and escalators rise up one side of the atrium, doubling people with their own reflections and moving the whole preoccupied assemblage up and down between five floors of exclusive shops: Asprey, Buccellati, Cartier, Charles Jourdan, Bonwit Teller . . . The atrium converges on an impressive monument to liquidity, through-put and flow—an amber-lit waterfall tumbles down 80 feet of soapy pink marble and then sits bubbling in the bistro.

Just inside those revolving doors the Trump Tower was offering something truly unique: an encounter with the man who has already redeveloped Christmas and was now coming forward to reveal his plans for Heaven itself. A monstrous neo-baroque table had been isolated behind burgundy velvet ropes. It stood there motionless, while its legs crawled with busty gilt figurines. Behind the table sat a blow-dried Trump, looking impassive in a pink silk tie and a long dark blue coat. Next to him a woman was selling copies of a book, taking them from a big pile behind her and cranking away with an American Express machine. Three tall and immaculately tonsured black dudes were in attendance; dressed in charcoal suits, they were supervising the queuing crowd and keeping an eye out for assassins. Trump was settled into his chosen version of clockwork routine: leaning forward to ask the name of each approaching supplicant, and then falling back to write a dedication in felt-tip scrawl.

There was Donald Trump as image on the cover of his just-published book: 60 floors up

The Trump Tower (above)...and atrium (right)

with Central Park behind him and his name overhead in the largest gold letters that Random House could find. Here was Donald Trump incarnate: selling the word to his disciples while a brassy version of "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" poured from the sound system and filled the thronging atrium behind.

It would indeed be a churlish visitor who stepped into Donald Trump's atrium and refused to marvel. In stark contrast with British endeavours like the Trocadero near Piccadilly Circus, Trump Tower demonstrates that a building can be glitzy without also being tacky. Ike Turner should take heart. Cruelly lampooned as the man whose front room proved that it really was possible to spend a million dollars in Woolworths, he can now visit Trump Tower and stand assured that the problem was never just a matter of taste. Quantity can be both piled up and transmuted into quality. Towering and significant structures can be built up entirely from cliches. Hailed and deplored as the building which brought the vulgarity of Las Vegas and Atlantic City to Manhattan, Trump Tower is also dedicated to the televisual opulence of *Dallas* and *Dynasty*. Indeed, the atrium was quickly adopted as a location for the next generation of soaps. The CBS mini-series, *I'll Take Manhattan*, didn't just take its cameras into the bistro. It took Trump and gave him a part.

Opening their personalised first editions of *Trump: The Art of the Deal* on their way home, Donald Trump's followers will have discovered that the man who has recently been feted as "America's masterbuilder" is not moved by lust for money alone: "I've got enough, much more than I'll ever need." The animating impulse is of a grander and more worthy kind. Where others "paint beautifully on canvas or write wonderful poetry", Trump likes "making deals, preferably big deals. That's how I get my kicks."

As an artist of the deal, Trump takes a distinctive approach to his work. He likes each day to resemble his retail atrium: an unpredicted "happening", as he once described it, which declares its own unique prospects as it goes along. Not a man to weigh himself down with a brief case, he is equally careful to avoid stifling the creative play of his imagination with "structure" of a bureaucratic kind. Confident in his own sense of what it is to be a developer, Trump likes "to come to work each day and just see what develops". He styles himself somewhere between a zen master and Jackson Pollock, the process painter who talked famously of the things that happen "when I am in my painting". Like other artists Trump has his chosen medium; the day starts to move at about nine in the morning when "I get on the phone".

His book offers the inside story on the Trump Tower. As Trump writes, "a guy named Arthur Drexler, from the Museum of Modern Art, put it very well when he said 'Skyscrapers are machines for making money'. Drexler meant it as a criticism. I saw it as an incentive." While architecture critics carped on about aesthetics, Trump knew that he was in the fantasy business. After "assembling" his site and winning every possible planning concession, he focused everything on his chosen market. He set out to create a building with "aura"—one that was "larger than life" and would appeal to "the wealthy Italian with the beautiful wife and the red Ferrari".

False economies were out. Whether or not Trump was really targeting the mafia, the idea was to make people feel "comfortable, but also pumped up to spend money". If customers would enjoy the massage of being taken for a ride on solid-bronze escalators, then Trump wasn't going to scrimp on the million dollars this extra touch cost. If they would be more turned on by two million dollars worth of purling waterfall than by the conventional "art" suggested by various unimaginative advisers, then this, too, would be part of the deal. As for all that soapy pink marble, the name is Breccia Pernice and Trump recalls the day when he and his wife first saw a sample of this rare stone—an "exquisite blend of rose, peach, and pink that literally took our breath away". The transports turned out to be mutual. With Trump rejecting 60 per cent of the stone that was cut because of

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white streaks that were "jarring to me", the top of an Italian mountain had been removed before the floors and walls of the retail atrium were clad to their creator's satisfaction.

Trump: The Art of the Deal (now published here by Century Hutchinson, £12.95) is a high-rise autobiography of the increasingly familiar co-written type. It tells the tale of a man who lives on the 58th floor and is still going up. Donald Trump was born a few million dollars up from the ground floor, but he is at pains to point out that he still started his ascent from a proper home. His father is Fred Trump, a tough developer of low-cost working-class housing who has made his packet in outer New York boroughs like Queens and the Bronx. By the forties when Donald was just an infant, Fred Trump was borrowing millions from the Federal Housing Administration to build high-rise apartment complexes, and then bringing in controversial "windfall profits" by forcing the projects through under budget.

Donald doesn't dwell on the various scandals that attended his father's successful exploitation of public funds, preferring to recall the family home as a "very traditional" place. Fred is featured as "the power and breadwinner" while Mary, his Scottish spouse, glows in her son's memory as "the perfect housewife" who loved her children, darned socks and did charity work. Church was on Fifth Avenue where the Trump family would go to hear the message from Norman Vincent Peale, a minister who was also the best-selling author of *The Power of Positive Thinking*. School was a Military Academy in upstate New York. Donald's favourite among the teachers was "a former drill sergeant in the marines" whose educational method was to "go for the jugular" whenever he sensed weakness.

Young Donald made his first big deal while still at college. He bought Swifton Village, a housing project in Cincinnati which had run into trouble, at a knock-down price and wasted no time in getting rid of the hillbilly tenants who had drifted in from Kentucky and turned the place into a slum. He then fixed it up "to attract a better element"—adding shutters and colonial style doors—and then cranked up the rents. The final touch was to sell the whole thing to a well-lunched sucker from an out-of-town investment trust just as the area was nose diving.

Trump was still in his twenties when he decided to bring his artistry to bear on Manhattan itself. While still at business school he had talked ambitiously about changing the Manhattan skyline, and in 1971 he rented a bachelor apartment on Third Avenue and started to "walk the streets" in search of likely properties. He also finessed his way into exclusive clubs where he would enjoy dating "the most beautiful women in the world" and worrying paunchy grey-haired husbands with his own lean good looks. From here the story is one of unchecked ascent and it involves what Trump, remembering his old baseball coach, calls "leverage" as well as the more conventional strengths of tooth and nail. There are the lawsuits, there are the contributions to politicians, there are the first sites picked out among the welfare hotels and drug-infested parks of Manhattan's more blighted areas, and bought at a knock-down price when New York City was slumped.

"What I'm doing is about as close as you're going to get in the 20th century to the quality of Versailles

One deal leads to the next, but as Donald Trump rises up through a growing empire of abandoned railyards, hotels, casinos and apartment buildings overlooking Central Park, his story diversifies beyond its catalogue of accumulations. There are the rewards: the helicopters, yachts and jetplanes, the meetings with famous men (from John Cardinal O'Connor to Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan), the fabulous houses and, of course, the superb wife. As a Czech who possesses the physical prowess of an Olympic skier, the looks of a former "top-model" and the conventional wifely virtues of homeliness and motherhood, Ivana Trump is a perfect partner for the man who can take his pick.

At the heart of Trump's story is the drama of struggle. Trump has come into conflict with a variety of forces: architectural preservationists who have resisted his demolition crews, community boards which have fought his planning applications, well-off people who are enjoying rent-controlled or rent-stabilised tenancies in apartment buildings which Trump wants to tear down, journalists who have dared to criticise, bureaucrats who have used public authority to stand in his way. Recalling the outcry that met his plan to bury the old Commodore Hotel under curtain walls of reflective glass, Trump is pleased to point out that in transforming the hotel into the Grand Hyatt he has "created four walls of mirrors"

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which, far from failing to fit in, make the surrounding traditional buildings more visible than ever.

The battle of the Bonwit Teller murals is less easily settled. While demolishing the old Bonwit building to make way for Trump Tower, Donald found that it would be unexpectedly expensive to remove the Art Deco friezes that he had agreed to give to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. So, as he writes, "I ordered my guys to rip them down". There was considerable public outcry and while Trump insists (with all the confidence of a true artist) that the murals were overrated and that many of his critics were "phonies and hypocrites", he also confesses to slight feelings of regret.

Worse problems were to come at 100 Central Park South when Trump hired Citadel Management to run the building in a way that would encourage tenants to leave and suggested, with what many recognised as a shocking degree of cynicism, that the apartments that were already vacant might be used to house New York's homeless.

There are other stories that Trump prefers to leave out. There is no mention here of Paul Gapp, architecture critic of the *Chicago Tribune* who described one of Trump's towering schemes as "architecturally lousy" and was promptly (and unsuccessfully) sued for $500 million. There is no mention of Eddie and Julius Trump who were sued for using their own name in business ("I would like them to change their name", Donald Trump remarked of this unrelated pair whose "Trump Group" had been established for 20 years). Neither is there any word of Alvin Gunther, the man who was killed by a shard of glass which fell from the heights of Trump Tower on the day of its opening in 1983.

Trump likes to project himself as a champion of the underdog pitched against an all-powerful establishment—whether he is hiring as many women as possible into top powers in his organisation or taking on his own tenants. In 1986, he adopted the case of Mrs Annabel Hill, an "adorable little lady from Georgia" who was about to lose her farm through mortgage foreclosure. Mrs Hill's 67-year-old husband had already committed suicide in the vain hope that insurance money would settle the debt. She was still $100,000 short when Trump launched the appeal that would finally set her free. On 23 December 1986 there had been another innovative Christmas performance in the retail atrium of Trump Tower: a mortgage burning ceremony in which Trump held the paper while a grateful Mrs Annabel Hill applied the flame.

Trump's most successful engagement with the establishment has been his dog-fight with Ed Koch, the mayor of New York. Trump harps on a popular chord when he denounces Koch as a bully, moron and coward whose administration is both "pervasively corrupt *and* totally incompetent". Trump "beat the hell" out of Koch in getting a tax-abatement to build his Tower, and he then found the perfect opportunity to prove his charge of incompetence. In June 1980 the City authorities closed the Wollman Skating Rink in Central Park, intending to rebuild it over two years. Six years of bungling and 12 million squandered dollars later, New York City officials announced their decision to start the rebuilding all over again. It was then that Trump made his move, offering to finance and build a brand new ice-rink on the Wollman site in six months, on the condition that he could lease the rink from the city at a "fair market rental". Trump finished the job and the Wollman story became one of the national events of the year. Trump offers it as a modern parable: "It was a simple, accessible drama about the contrast between governmental incompetence and the power of effective private enterprise."

But by this time Trump has brought his gasping readers up those 58 floors. They've rubbed shoulders with Trump Tower's exclusive residents: the wealthy French people who came here to sit out the Mitterrand years; the Asians and Arabs who couldn't get through the discriminatory vetting procedures of the cooperatives that control so many of New York's most exclusive apartment buildings; stars like Steven Spielberg, Johnny Carson, Paul Anka and the now deceased Liberace. Having raised his readers up this high, Donald Trump offers them the ultimate Christmas tableau: a fleeting glimpse into the enchanted world of America's loudest billionaire.

The Trumps' New York home is a million dollar triplex at the very top of the Tower. Visiting the Saudi billionaire Adnan Khashoggi in Olympic Tower one day in 1985, Trump found himself in "the biggest living room I'd ever seen" and decided that he'd quite like one of his own. "What the hell," he thought to himself, "Why shouldn't I have exactly the apartment I wanted— particularly when I built the whole building?" So Trump stands there and

> *Trump likes to project himself as a champion of the underdog pitched against an all-powerful establishment*

gestures toward the 27 solid marble columns which Italy's finest craftsmen carved for his 80 foot living room, announcing that "they arrived yesterday, and they're beautiful". Lest anyone should have missed the point, he rubs it in: "What I'm doing is about as close as you're going to get, in the twentieth century, to the quality of Versailles."

As we take our privileged glimpse into this celestial place, a curious kind of morality play rolls into action. The first scenes are of unchecked extravagance, hedonism and luxury, but it is not long before an alarming giddiness sets in. The pleasures of megalomania should not be underestimated, but it can still be hard to live so far beyond the limits of the normal human condition: everything about oneself—every utterance, every passing thought, every memory—starts to burn with intense significance and before long gravity itself gives way. Even such a distinguished artist of the deal as Donald Trump is susceptible to vertigo so, like Harold with his Purple Crayon in that much-loved American children's story from the fifties, he no sooner finds himself in thin air than he quickly sketches in some firm ground under his feet.

If Trump was in the White House, which, as he hints, he may well be before too long, he might follow the example of President Reagan and look for astrological anchorage in the stars. But his Christmas tableau is actually more like an old-fashioned western than a story of special people with occult powers. Trump styles himself and his friends as real men who have carved their initials into the world's most famous skyline. Their Manhattan penthouses become tents on the high plains of America's last frontier. They sit at the fireside, remembering Mother and distinguishing themselves from the lesser types who continually get in their way. As real men of action, these fellows of the deal know that you've "got to take a stand or people will walk all over you". They have as little regard for "suckers" as they do for "employees". In their book, an "employee" is either a woman or a eunuch who "thinks small".

Trump's true companions of the deal defend simple "gut-feeling" in a world full of spurious specialisation and bureaucratic procedure. As men of unlimited wealth and power, they continue to think of themselves as underdogs oppressed by an unaccountable establishment. They see con-men and bullshit everywhere. Between themselves, however, there is a code of honour. Like true mafiosi, they know that "you can trust family in a way that you can never trust anyone else". They also know that sometimes it is more important to "pay your respects" than to make money, so they will pass up a promising deal to get to the funeral of a much respected "patriarch".

The companions of the deal may not understand all the technicalities, but they know that a handshake is the sign of a man's word, and have nothing but contempt for the "low-lifes, the horror-shows" for whom only the signed contract counts.

This is how Trump finally styles himself—as a man who has broken all the limits but who has also reinvented morality. He has everything the world can offer but, as he likes to point out, he has never touched a drop of alcohol or smoked a cigarette in his life. A man who got married in the church of his childhood and who has gone on to stand tall as a true patriarch in his own family, Trump is also a man of charity who has done his bit for the Vietnam Veterans and other worthy causes. Indeed, he is even moral in his egotism. Some people may jeer as he tries to write his name in large bronze letters over the world but, as he has replied, at least he has a reputation to uphold—unlike the sharks who hide their real identity under anonymous company titles.

Is this morality just another simulation, like the clockwork in Saks and Co's window? It's hard for an outsider to say with any certainty. There can be no doubt, however, that morality, like money, is something the rich need far more of than the rest of us. ■

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Mary Evans Picture Library

March of striking matchgirls, 1888

History without its aitches

EAST ENDERS 1888
William J. Fishman
Duckworth £18.95

David Widgery

Magistrates and Tory MPs fulminate about falling moral standards while the would-be-employed have to fight one another for work. Welfare managers boast about their "efficiency" savings and buck-passing schemes for "internal markets" while the working poor lack fresh food, sound education and clean air. Newly arrived immigrants with their large families and language difficulties are harassed by xenophobic locals and exploited by co-religionists. The royals go walky-talky and are deeply shocked. The large employers attempt to break organisations with bribed non-union labour but are fought by rank-and-file ingenuity and socialist conviction. And in the face of flaunted wealth and moralistic hypocrisy, the unrespectable working class turns, not to the tenets of revolutionary socialism—though some did—but to crime, drink, cheap entertainment and stylish clothes, spending Sunday mornings recovering from a collective hangover which stretches from Aldgate to Poplar.

Plus ça change indeed. For this is not the Giroland E14 of today with its stingy doles, flashy discos and bashed-up Bangladeshis but the labouring poor of Tower Hamlets a century ago, recreated in all its conflict, complexity and indecent humanity by Professor Fishman. The doyen of the historians of the Jewish ghetto in Whitechapel here covers the whole of Tower Hamlets: Jew and gentile, Salvationist and anarchist, do-gooder and do-badder over 12 months of the turbulent year of 1888 when the match girls went on strike, the Ripper struck and the parliamentary commissions on sweated labour and immigration took their evidence. And he has produced a captivating book, alive with detail, humour, local knowledge and, above all, contemporary relevance.

At first appearance, it is social history of the conventional sort, taken by subject—"Housing, health and sanitation", "Women and children" and "Leisure"—rich in source material, including royal commissions and contemporary fiction, and leavened by fine-combed local and socialist newspaper reports. Indeed the very wealth of detail, compressed into the span of a single year, threatens indigestibility. But the unconventional Yiddish-anarchist-humanist culture the author imbibed as a Stepney child works its insidious magic. And as the book progresses, a subtle

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social geography emerges: of the polarity between the Anglo-Irish dockland and the immigrant ghettos of Whitechapel, an axis which still shapes the borough; of the division of respectable Bow and Mile End old town from the "islands" of Wapping and the Isle of Dogs by railway expansion and sanitary clearance and of the dire rookeries and hovels of Whitechapel, awaiting, as always, "redevelopment".

A sense of political crisis builds up, too; of worsening poverty, overcrowding and unemployment driving the desperate towards defiance (120,000 had marched in May 1887 at the funeral of Linnell, killed by the police on an unemployed march), of new unionism and classical Fabianism, both about to emerge, and of the sharp intellectual and practical competition between socialists, evangelical Christians and Tory John Bulls for the soul of working class London. Unobtrusively, Fishman's calendar acquaints us with all the elements which make comprehensible the otherwise unimaginable upsurge of the great 1889 dock strike.

This being east London, the individual characters in the social drama are larger than life: toothless sword swallowers, autodidactic tally clerks, drunken public vaccinators, embezzling vestreymen, mothers of four dying unattended of breast cancer, poor law inmates smuggling out reports of the master's cruelty, "chirrupers" demanding money with menaces from music hall artistes and even Charrington, the brewer-turned-temperance-fanatic and scourge of prostitution whose portrait was said to hang in every brothel in east London.

But this is not a picaresque guide (there is mercifully little about the Ripper) and Fishman's judgments on the leading figures are sober and acute. He is intriguing on the popularity of Booth the Salvationist with his Irish gab, love of the dramatic and practicality (the Salvation Army hostels, then as now, were clean and warm). And he is scathing about the *volte-faces* of the Chief Rabbi (then as now an old reactionary). And while Fishman enjoys teasing the socialists and feminists, he is no mere humanist but emphatically and unsentimentally on the side of the workers whenever and wherever they come into conflict with the powers-that-be.

This is most moving in his intricate account of the grim anti-palliatives of the Poor Law system; but it is also evident in his attention to the exact mechanisms of the sweating system and his careful separation of the adjacent but not identical issues of immigration and "undercutting".

The system, which still operates, is not simply about the guarantee of cheap products and cheap labour but, as a contemporary issue of the Socialist League's *Commonwealth* argued, concerns the inner city landlords, the large clothing distribution chains and the "investing capitalist" as much as the overseers of the outworkers. And would be solved only when, in Fishman's words, "the troglodytes hitherto entombed in their cellars came up for air and smelt battle."

Best of all is his treatment of the match girl strike, beloved in socialist legend but often poorly understood. This vindicates the courage of the girls, asserts the importance of "middle

class interlopers", socialist organisers like Annie Besant and Eleanor Marx, but places the main emphasis on solidarity, first between employees and then with other workplaces.

Benefit courses, priests' letters to *The Times* and consumer boycotts were all very well but what won the dispute was active solidarity and the equivalent of secondary picketing. Against the New Realists of the day, solidarity between disputes was central in this period, perhaps most importantly between the Tilbury and West India dockers. It, above all, was the vector in the making of the east London working class. The potential of working class power, if organised, pervades this wonderful book and only an emeritus professor at Oxford University (Richard Cobb in his characteristically perverse introduction) could find it hearteningly unrevolutionary. It will certainly cheer those conditioned by accounts of east London labour *à la* Steadman Jones even to read of meetings held to oppose the Highland Clearances and to barrack clan hierarchies.

This is history without its aitches, full of low-life wisdom and sharp observation as well as intricate scholarship. Without mentioning it once, it is a sustained attack on the present government's political philosophy. And so ironically, it is a very Victorian book: enjoyable as well as edifying.

Stand-in for Ireland

NORA: A BIOGRAPHY OF NORA JOYCE
Brenda Maddox
Hamish Hamilton £16.95

Patricia Craig

"Barnacle? She'll never leave him," quipped James Joyce's father, on learning the surname of the girl his son had carried off to the continent; it's a celebrated witticism, and one doing nothing to counter the rather disparaging view of Nora that has prevailed in certain intellectual and literary circles since Joyce's death in 1941.

Brenda Maddox, in her biography, sets out to demolish at least one myth concerning the Joyce menage, the myth of the artist saddled with a one-time chambermaid who couldn't tell a masterpiece from a piece of bread and jam. Nora, she reminds us, may not have read either *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* but she knew which of the two she preferred: the latter. "That's the important book," she said. Besides, her role was to cut Joyce down to size (at one point she threatened to write a book herself, under the title, "My Twenty Years with a Genius—So-Called"), as well as sticking by him through the most unnerving circumstances, and contributing aspects of her personality to all his major female characters.

The last gift shouldn't be underestimated. Synge, says Brenda Maddox towards the end of her long biography (over 500 pages), had to eavesdrop for his indigenous material, while Yeats and Lady Gregory contemplated theirs from within the precincts of Coole Park. Joyce, on the other hand, made his home with his. "Wherever thou art shall be Erin to me," goes an entry in his Alphabetical Notebook under the heading "Nora". What made Nora (mnemonic Nora) stand for Ireland, in Joyce's view? Having been born in Galway, among other things, being strong and self-possessed, and taking a droll approach to life.

Nora was 20 and employed at Finn's Hotel when the famous first encounter between her and Joyce took place in Nassau Street, Dublin, in June 1904. By the autumn of that year they were on a boat sailing out of Ireland, on the first stage of a journey that would take them to Zurich and then Trieste, to a life of constant flitting, unpaid bills and eventual celebrity. Nora seems to have taken it all in her stride, the need to master one new language after another, the birth of two children out of wedlock (Joyce held out against marriage, on principle, until 1931 when he gave in to various pressures and married Nora), the lack of a settled address, even the pornographic correspondence initiated by Joyce in 1909 when the two were apart, she in Trieste, he in Dublin setting up a cinema.

Both the Joyces were exceptionally free-and-easy in their attitude to money, borrowing and lending at the drop of a hint, spending every penny that came their way and never balking at patronage, even on an exorbitant scale. As Joyce explained to Harriet Weaver, his principal benefactress from 1917 on, his spendthrift behaviour was tied up with his literary gift; she couldn't have one without the other. She didn't complain. As for his wife, when funds were available she splashed out on hats and, after they'd settled in Paris, got her clothes from Lelong; by this stage Nora was out to cut a dash, having shed a good deal of her Galway gaucheness.

As readers of the Ellmann biography of Joyce will know, the life of this Irish couple makes an enthralling story, with its waywardness, extremes of good and ill luck, its plenitude of subsidiary characters, literary and otherwise. In Brenda Maddox's hands it's prolonged until 1951, the year of Nora's death. How did she fare as a widow? After the funeral, she found herself in Zurich in midwinter, her son ineffectual and unemployable, her daughter and daughter-in-

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law in separate mental asylums, her sources of income blocked by the war. She got by, as she always did, without undue self-criticism or self-pity.

Brenda Maddox, in this enjoyable biography, has recycled a lot of material and unearthed some more: her book is spirited, colourful, a bit slapdash, populist rather than scholarly, and at times ("in the morning of the third day after leaving Dublin . . . Nora gave herself to Joyce") resembles the novelettish fiction which Nora liked better than her husband's work.

Understanding ETA

ETA AND BASQUE NATIONALISM: THE FIGHT FOR EUSKADI 1890–1986
John Sullivan
Routledge £35

Paul Preston

The Spanish civil war was many wars. The most crucial in terms of triggering off the military uprising of 1936 was that between centralism and regional nationalism. Franco's determination to eradicate Basque and Catalan independence was symbolised by the destruction of Guernica in 1937 and the bombing of Barcelona in 1938. Those atrocities were merely the prelude to the cultural genocide perpetrated by the dictatorship after the war.

The two historic nationalities were not the only areas of Spain to suffer abuses of human rights, and to see leftists and liberals forced into exile, or imprisoned, tortured and sometimes executed. However, the additional persecution of the Basque and Catalan languages and cultures had the long-term consequences that both regions were to play a vanguard role in the struggle against the regime and in the transition to democracy. The Catalans' unique contribution was the creation of a powerful interclass democratic front, the non-violent Assembly of Catalonia. Basque nationalists, in total contrast, produced a deadly terrorist organisation, ETA (*Euzkadi ta askatasuna*—the Basque Homeland and Liberty).

Early anti-Franco resistance in the Basque country was inhibited by confidence that the western allies would finish off Franco when they had dealt with Hitler and Mussolini. When this hope was dashed, the dominant local political grouping, the conservative PNV (the Basque Nationalist Party), withdrew into a defence of cultural identity. Frustrated by the concentration on clandestine language academies (*ikastolas*) and folkdancing classes, young Basques got together and formed ETA in 1959 and within ten years they were mounting violent attacks on regime targets.

John Sullivan's scholarly and authoritative history traces the development of radical Basque nationalism within the context of rapid industrialisation in the 1960s and equally rapid industrial decline in the 1970s. Changing circumstances provoked within ETA a kaleidoscopic fragmentation into factions perpetually engaged in ideological disputation. Sullivan comprehensively disentangles the obscure theoretical differences between the various groups. His painstaking account helps us to understand one of the great paradoxes of modern Spanish politics, ETA's degeneration from its pre-1975 Robin Hood-style activities to uncontrolled violence after 1977.

Until the mid-1970s, the organisation's selective terrorism was not without its grudging admirers among Spanish and European leftists. Sympathy with the oppressed Basque people gave rise to satisfaction that someone somewhere was capable of penetrating the apparent invulnerability of the dictatorship. This was especially so after the most spectacular of ETA's operations, the murder in December 1973 of Franco's right-hand man, Admiral Carrero Blanco, whose job had been to guarantee francoism after Franco. His disappearance opened up divisions among regime forces and dramatically hastened the tortuous transition to democracy based on negotiations between right and left.

After the establishment of democracy in 1977, however, most sections of the Spanish left came to oppose the indiscriminate violence of an ETA committed to provoking military intervention as the first step to its own national liberation struggle. Spanish democracy was often on the verge of foundering between 1977 and 1982 because ETA's attacks on policemen, Civil Guards and army officers, as well as its kidnappings for ransom, bombings and bank robberies, were provking the fiercely anti-democratic sentiments of the military.

As befits its origins in a doctoral thesis, Sullivan's account is dryly objective. It is, however, deeply informed by an understanding of the ETA mentality. Sullivan is careful to distinguish ETA from terrorist organisations like the Italian Red Brigades or the German Bader-Meinhof organisation.

There are no cheap thrills in this account which, unlike many studies of terrorism, does not set out to titillate with details of internal organisation, training methods and the psychological malfunctions of militants. Sullivan's purpose is rather to trace the roots of ETA in Basque history and social structures. Accordingly, he has produced a dense chronological history with an awareness of the ethnic underpinnings of the movement.

Sullivan understands the social origins of the individuals recruited to the terrorist organisations and the kinship and affinity groups, *cuadrillas*, which united and supported them. It is his achievement to explain how many moderate Basques—priests, lawyers and businessmen, who would be appalled by the ambitions of the Red Brigades—still see ETA militants as well-meaning if somewhat impetuous patriots.

That is the basis of his pessimistic conclusion, which is that, despite the recent successes notched up by the Spanish police in cooperation with their French colleagues, ETA will sustain its armed struggle, albeit at a reduced level.

A call to action

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE: THE 1986 T.S. ELIOT MEMORIAL LECTURES AND OTHER CRITICAL WRITINGS
Seamus Heaney
Faber £12.95

Sean French

In these enthralling essays Seamus Heaney displays a fellow-craftsman's enthusiasm for other people's poetry. With the dexterity of an expert he takes hold of verse by Lowell and Auden and shows us how the cogs fit together, how it works the way it does.

A sense of generosity permeates Heaney's criticism. It's a generosity of critical method, using any tool he thinks will be of use to get into the poetry: close reading of the texts, biographical information, comparison with other poets, personal reminiscence.

Above all, there is a generosity of appreciation. Heaney himself is most celebrated as a poet of particularity, above all, perhaps, as the observer of the geography, the creatures, the working implements, of his native Ireland. As might be expected, Heaney responds to such elements in the poetry of others. But he also writes perceptively about a largely abstract poem by Czeslaw Milosz which, as he himself acknowledges, seems to represent everything he ought not to like in a poem.

The extreme case in this volume is that of Philip Larkin, who represents a reactionary tradition of Englishness which Heaney, for both aesthetic and political reasons, has fought against. Yet Heaney's account is far from an attack on Larkin's vision; in fact, it demonstrates its potency, as well as its surprising uncertainties.

One must be careful not to be fooled into seeing Heaney as the amiable teddy bear he sometimes seems. He was recently given an award at a *Sunday Times* literary banquet. But when the paper commemorated the event in the following issue it was by reprinting John Carey's anodyne tribute, not the ferocious speech that Heaney made about Anglo-Irish relations.

He brings to these essays his own situation as a lyric poet caught both in an oppressive political situation and in an oppressive literary tradition. Auden divided poetry into the lyrical amoral (Ariel) and the rational moral (Prospero). The struggle in this volume (which has taken place also in Heaney's poetry) is to show that when the chips are down the two sides cannot be separated. His heroes are the great 20th century Russian poets:

"They are the ones who toed the line, not just the verse line but the line where courage is tested, where to stand by what you write is to have to stand your ground and take the consequences."

The heroes of the book are Osip and Nadezhda Mandelstam. In some ways they are the touchstone against which all else is implicitly judged, because at the last extremity, facing pressures no English or American poets can

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imagine, they brought the two sides together—poetry as neither escapism nor jejune political protest.

There is a steely polemical thread running through these essays. In English poetry something has broken down in the "problematic relation between poetry as impulse and poetry as criticism of life". No less than Irish poetry, it must escape the genteel English tradition. Like all the best criticism by poets, *The Government of the Tongue* is not so much a retrospective survey as a call to action.

Stains and seccies

THE OXFORD MYTH
Rachel Johnson (editor)
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £12.95

Clive Davis

There is some unintended irony here. Rachel Johnson and her contributors—undergraduates and recent graduates—presumably set out to dispel the nostalgic view of Oxford served up to sightseers and television audiences. But in the process they may well have given a new lease of life to the cliche of Oxford as a playground of the privileged.

Class raises its head in the very first essay, by Toby Young. After the customary references to *Brideshead Revisited* (almost every article quotes from Waugh or Max Beerbohm), Young describes how his contemporaries, circa 1983, broadly fell into two categories—"socialites" and "stains". The former, who surely need no introduction, tended to be based in Balliol, New College and so on. Stains, on the other hand, were everywhere. "Vaguely deformed" and "replete with acne and anoraks", they hailed from independent direct grant or grammar schools in such places as Slough, Bracknell and Milton Keynes. While socialites spent much of their time setting up new magazines, stains wormed their way into powerful positions in the Union and other centres of orthodoxy.

Young, fortunately, distances himself from the petty snobberies and name-calling. He also makes some acute observations about the upper class attraction for all things proletarian: his account of two scions of the ruling class conversing in cockney slang is only too accurate. Working class students themselves, however, remain vague figures in the background. A whole book could be written on the shock of being confronted by the notion of college servants and sherry parties. I find it staggering that Young's main source of information on the subject appears to be Dennis Potter's television play, *Stand Up Nigel Barton*.

It would be unfair to dwell too long on this essay, since it is actually one of the liveliest of the ten pieces. Nevertheless, its narrow social range sets the pattern for those that follow. Few bother to question the assumptions of a world of "townies" and "scouts". When Sebastian Shakespeare (writing on "Eccentrics") asserts that Oxford is no longer socially elitist because its public school intake has just fallen below 50 per cent, I thought I had missed some arcane joke; on reflection, I think he actually means it. Rachel Johnson unwittingly captures the general mood in her essay on sex, in a passing references to the male preference for girls at secretarial colleges: "Seccies are just right for them, the sort of girls they used to snog with at charity balls."

All this may be harmless enough. What is truly disheartening is the all-pervasive cynicism. Boris Johnson's report on politics proves to be a guide in how to hack your way to the top of the Union. In "Ambition", Alexander Connock delivers world-weary advice on how to compile the right sort of curriculum vitae ("It is not a question of creativity, or originality. Oxford success is about proficiency, productivity and flair").

"Job realism" and greed are, naturally, *de rigueur* in the 1980s. For more sensitive appraisals of the inner life you have to turn to Susan Hitch ("Women") and, above all, William Hobson's excellent piece about the process of studying. Is it any coincidence, I wonder, that these two are among the small minority of contributors not pursuing a career in journalism? The rest, I am sure, will be at the top of the glossy magazine trade in ten years' time.

Literary lust

THE FABER BOOK OF SEDUCTIONS
Jenny Newman, editor
Faber £12.95

Amanda Mitchison

An anthology of "seduction"—which Jenny Newman defines as operating "somewhere between courtship and rape"—is a clever and marketable idea. But compared with the other anthologies in the new Faber series, this collection is disappointing. *The Faber Book of Reportage*, edited by John Carey, was wide-ranging in scope and provided a body of work which filled and defined a new literary category. Newman's collection, however, seems thinner and predictable.

She restricts herself to a mostly traditional caucus of English literature: there are no ballads, no modern pop culture (no television scripts, or journalism), no European writers or even work from Scots and Welsh literary traditions. Even within standard canons, the choice is somewhat unbalanced, with three passages from *Paradise Lost*, while *Fanny Hill* and Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*—two of the most famous accounts of the social interfaces of sexual morality—are strangely absent.

Love in a railway carriage, 1920

Mary Evans Picture Library

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A few – but not enough – surprising passages are included: a stake-driving scene from *Dracula* by Bram Stoker and the premature ejaculation of the Dey of Algiers as experienced by Miss Emily Barlow in *The Lustful Turk* (published anonymously, 1828).

The anthology does demonstrate that the days of the literary bounder are over; the modern world has stripped chastity of moral and financial value. Even the Renaissance concern with momentary transcendence through sexual passion only lives on in D. H. Lawrence. Inward looking, marginal acts of bad faith have now taken the place of the grand old treacheries and statements of social defiance. Sex is seen as having lost its collective meaning and certainties, becoming little more than an individual act.

In turn, literary seduction must rely less on the metaphysical conundrums of Marvell and Donne, or on the verbal, gastronomic overkill of Keats's candied fruit and Jonson's shrimps bathed in dolphin's milk. Also, as writing has become more sexually explicit, so the analogies with games and military manoeuvres, the rhetorical devices of enchantment, dreaming, madness, metamorphosis have begun to recede.

The modern seduction is occasionally tender, and often iconoclastic, desultory, or desolate. Brian Patten's couple commit post-party coitus "among the woodbines and guinness stains". Angela Carter's heroine, in *Heroes and Villains*, has sex with a halfwit teenage boy simply to spite her spouse. The most unerotic tale of all comes from Molly Keane's *Time after Time*, where old blind Beatrice makes a nighttime visit to old one-eyed Jasper who fobs her off with half a Mogadon and returns to his Complan, which has turned "disgustingly cool".

Modern sexuality seems to have turned sour. Sylvia Plath is predictably masochistic and Ian McEwan grisly – his teenage narrator describes sex with his younger sister as: "one of the most desolate couplings known to copulating mankind, involving lies, deceit, humiliation, incest, my partner falling asleep, my gnat's orgasm and the sobbing which now filled the bedroom."

This anthology requires a far wider trawl and a less orthodox approach. Perhaps Faber would do well to extend the series to a "Pack of seven" also featuring pride, envy, sloth, intemperance, avarice and ire. Perhaps these other sins would have more cheerful modern contributions – literary lust seems to have weathered the 20th century particularly badly.

The gay savage

WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL: AN ODYSSEY IN THE JUNGLE OF NEW GUINEA
Tobias Schneebaum
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £14.95

Adam Kuper

With Basil Seal, who joined a cannibal tribe and inadvertently ate his English girl-friend, Evelyn Waugh trumped a whole tradition of sexually adventurous explorers, from Casanova to Byron and Richard Burton. Today there are few real explorers, though many travel writers, but sexual adventurers are flown in jumbo-loads to exotic destinations; the gentlemen to Thailand or North Africa, according to taste, and the ladies to West Africa or the Caribbean.

Tobias Schneebaum aspires to be a sexual explorer in the grand tradition. "Love has girded my loins," he explains, "urged me on into new visions." Like Gide, he would also like to be a psychological traveller, travelling, he tells us, in order to "find himself". Though he is a middle-aged homosexual New Yorker of Hassidic background, he began his quest in Peru.

The reason, apparently, is that the real Tobias Schneebaum is a noble savage ("born in New Guinea", according to a fey note on the book jacket). He travelled to discover that the noblest savages are bisexual, if not single-mindedly gay. The implication is that homosexuality is not only natural, but noble.

In Peru he spent a few weeks with a remote Indian tribe, and "lived with a group of six men, spending nights in the close-knit bundle of them, an integral part of their interweaving arms and legs." He returned to New York, exhibited paintings, wrote a book ("The book I wrote on Peru had its exaggerations . . ."), travelled to Greece, Italy, Asia, Africa. At last he came to Irian Jaya, which is the Indonesian part of New Guinea.

In New Guinea Schneebaum set himself up as volunteer documentalist for a small museum run by a Catholic mission, and made brief collecting forays to the Asmat and neighbouring tribes. He successfully evokes the physical feel of his journeys, but evidently understanding no more than a few phrases of local languages he provides an impoverished account of the Asmat. The few characters who are described in any detail are Catholic missionaries. They seem a cheerful lot, though one of them (Schneebaum's main informant) went mad and had to be sent home to the United States.

Schneebaum passed his time in the villages mainly in the men's houses, where he enjoyed occasional sexual contacts but, it seems, was constantly interrupted by parties of raiding women, who wielded spears and hurled poisonous snakes at the men, or by rumours of war, cannibalism and wife-exchange (he couldn't . . .). The climax of the book is a description of his affair with an Asmat man. Schneebaum gives an unexpectedly modest, straightforward and brief account of his relationship and of the institutionalised male homosexuality which anthropologists have recorded in this part of New Guinea for half a century.

The publicity given to this book suggests that Schneebaum may be pioneering a new, rather specialised, route for sexual tourists. Indeed he reports being hired to guide two German men into the bush. He is a bit vague about their interests, but describes how they were shunned by missionaries, and gives a rather bitchy report of their constant quarrels. Fear of AIDS may depress this trade, however, though New Guinea's most famous exotic disease is *kuru*, which you get from handling the brains of dead people.

V E R S O

John Kelly
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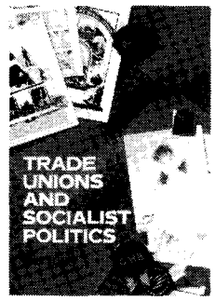

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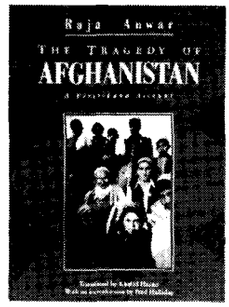

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In the wilderness

LABOUR'S CONSCIENCE: THE LABOUR LEFT, 1945–51
Jonathan Schneer
Unwin Hyman £25

Kenneth O. Morgan

The Attlee government of 1945-51 is frequently hailed as a golden moment of achievement in the otherwise disappointing record of the British left. But, even at the time, there were many critics within the Labour Party and the trade union movement who condemned it for the betrayal of socialism in its domestic, and even more its foreign and defence policies. The activities and outlook of these variegated left-wing critics form the theme for Jonathan Schneer's informative and well-researched, if somewhat uncritical book.

From the very aftermath of the 1945 election, the main criticisms focused on foreign affairs, with a growing tide of condemnation of Bevin's cold war policies. These culminated in the famous amendment to the address signed by 57 Labour members, mobilised by Crossman and including such unlikely figures as Callaghan and Woodrow Wyatt, which Bevin himself denounced in celebrated terms as a "stab in the back". Left-wing critiques of foreign policy also took the form of pressure for a "third force" to be created by democratic socialist Britain, independent of capitalist America and communist Russia. For a time in 1947-48 the theme of the political unity of western Europe became a cry of the Labour left, including many future Bevanites.

There was also some pressure at home from the Keep Left group in 1947 for more rigorous socialist policies (usually equated with more planning, vaguely defined), and some trade union agitation among railwaymen and others for greater industrial democracy. But these movements lacked focus and leadership and seldom made much headway. By the time of the Korean war, Keep Left and similar fringe movements had largely evaporated. After all, old socialist militants like Shinwell, Bevan and Strachey were government ministers; even Harold Laski had become a tranquil force in his later years, appalled as he was by stalinist brutality towards Czechoslovakia. Not until Aneurin Bevan unexpectedly resigned from the government over NHS charges in April 1951 did the puny forces of the left find a credible leader. The conflicts associated with Bevanism were born.

Schneer, an American scholar, is right to emphasise that the facade of monolithic unity presented by Attlee and his colleagues was highly deceptive. There was a growing tide of left-wing criticism in the constituencies, skilfully, perhaps cynically, swept under the table by Morgan Phillips and the apparatchiks of Transport House. There was also rising trade union resentment with wage freeze policies and other restrictive measures.

The author is right, too, to emphasise the aridity of Morrisonian "consolidation" which left the party at something of an ideological dead end by the end of 1948, and the pavlovian stereotypes on which much of Bevin's foreign policy was based. (He might have reinforced this point by including some discussion of Palestine.) In one area of policy after another, from state education to nuclear weaponry, its commitment to socialism was little more than rhetorical. Throughout the author correctly underlines the authoritarian, heavy-handed way in which left-wing dissidents such as Platts-Mills, Solley and Hutchinson were dealt with, while Zilliacus, that veteran "trouble-maker", was unceremoniously drummed out of the party in 1949 with no chance to plead his cause.

Schneer, then, shows that in many ways the left was hard done by. But what, despite his sentimental title, he fails to show is that the left-wing dissidents were convincing or coherent. Most of them were political lightweights, or well-known mavericks such as Emrys Hughes or Sydney Silverman. Until they fortuitously acquired Nye Bevan they had no leader of quality, while his newspaper, *Tribune*, edited by Michael Foot and Jennie Lee, generally endorsed the party leadership down to the end of 1950.

The Labour left produced no thinker of comparable distinction to Crosland or Jay on the party's right. Dick Crossman, as ever, was volatile and erratic. Not one of the Labour left whom Schneer acclaims showed the slightest interest in the root cause of Britain's economic and financial difficulties after 1945, or a serious concern with increasing Britain's productive capacities as a means of providing a base for socialist advance. But Labour's left had little interest in economic management, and even less in power. They were natural residents of the wilderness, which gave a man like Zilliacus an unlikely stature among them.

Not until Aneurin Bevan unexpectedly resigned from the government over NHS charges in April 1951 did the puny forces of the left find a credible leader

Schneer's conclusion is that Labour's left after 1945 gave the party new inspiration and direction. He itemises the main features of this—higher taxation, more state control, unilateralism and a neutralist or pro-Soviet foreign policy. Such nostrums led the Labour left into a dead end between 1945 and 1951. In the 37 years since then, they have often left the party as a whole in much the same plight.

Old Albany

QUINN'S BOOK
William Kennedy
Jonathan Cape £11.95

Brian Dooley

Thomas Hardy rightly believed that the story should be worth the telling, and the adventures of Daniel Quinn certainly are. Quinn, an Irish immigrant in 19th century Albany, meets and falls in love with the strangely gifted Maud Fallon when both are children. After he has saved her from drowning, she makes him promise that he will kidnap her and rescue her from her wicked aunt.

Though separated for many years, Daniel eventually rediscovers Maud, who proves to be as bizarre as some of the town's other eccentrics, who are the ancestors of the characters in Kennedy's earlier novels which make up the Albany cycle (*Legs*, *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game* and *Ironweed*). The Daughtery, Plum and Phelan families are traced from their earliest days in the town, in which what were once country landmarks are later to emerge as important street names.

Like the earlier stories (and Hardy's Wessex novels), *Quinn's Book* has an excellent plot. Just as Francis Phelan is haunted by images of death in *Ironweed*, so Daniel Quinn is deeply disturbed by the massacres he witnesses as a journalist during the American civil war. On his return from his assignment as a war correspondent, he discovers parts of Albany to be as harsh and savage as anything he encountered on the battlefield.

Like the rest of America, Quinn's hometown in New York state is beset by problems of multiculturalism it cannot solve. In an effort to capitalise on the influx of new nationalities a local entrepreneur stages a musical to appeal to the immigrant Irish and the recently arrived blacks. *Tambo and Paddy Come to Town* is not a success, and a runaway slave is lynched by a mob during a protest against conscription to the Unionist army.

Quinn's Book is unashamedly shocking from first to last, as tongues are ripped from mouths and dead bodies explode over bystanders. One corpse, who has had her cheek bitten and chewed by one of the good citizens of Albany, is outrageously brought back to life by being raped, and afterwards she is casually asked; "What will you do now, dear, now that you're not dead?"

Kennedy brilliantly creates American city life in the middle of the last century, bringing an understanding of the war, the emergence of the political party machines and the influence of the Roman Catholic church in a way few history books have achieved. The desperation of "dirt poor" immigrants, their difficulties with the American authorities and the violence they are subjected to and subject others to is presented without the usual sentimentality. Hard-hitting and often hilarious, *Quinn's Book* is well worth telling and reading.

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Image from John Coyle's "Stan' In: An Exhibition of Derry Dockers" currently at the Orchard Gallery

Won from the art

The hyping of the Liverpool Tate has concealed the fact that it only has tenuous links to the Merseyside region. Philip Dodd reports from Derry where, by contrast, genuinely local cultural initiatives are reinvigorating the city.

Once upon a time, and not very long ago, there was just the national interest, wheeled out at moments of crisis to remind us where our duty lay. Now we have its younger siblings, the national curriculum, national history, national heritage and national values—and most recently Sir William Rees Mogg, protecting the nation's television screens from all foreign evil.

This year is only likely to see an intensification of the "Go National" campaign, with the celebrations to mark the 300th anniversary of the Glorious Revolution of 1688 and all that it has bequeathed to us. There will be flag-waving not only for constitutional monarchy and parliamentary-democracy-as-we-know-it but for those other "inventions" of the late 17th century, the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, the insurance companies—those institutions, according to the Prime Minister's recent speech, which fund "our wonderful craftsmen and artists". These "wonderful" artists themselves are of course possible conscripts in this national campaign. The selectors of last year's Royal Academy show *British Art in the Twentieth Century* and the industry that has sprung up to hype artists of the School of London are providing recruits. The Clore Gallery, the National Gallery—soon to be renovated—and the Tate Gallery, Liverpool, provide the appropriate spaces in which these artists will do battle in our name.

Within this rhetoric of an English cultural renaissance, it is utterly predictable that the success of the cultural policies of Derry in Northern Ireland has been totally ignored— despite the presence of two important art spaces; a respected and energetic director, Declan Mc-

So many other cultural institutions are implanted into towns with their function already settled elsewhere

Gonagle; a film festival; three museums, all to be opened this year; and the Field Day theatre company which has made the city its base. Derry, whatever else has been done to it, can hardly be made into an English shire. The importance of Derry in this context is that it practises cultural policies which can neither be annexed nor silenced by a Thatcherite national interest. Derry may not need the English publicity that pieces like this may give it - but that city brings good news to the rest of us.

What has been achieved there rests on three simple premises. First, there has been close collaboration between those involved in art in the city and the City Council, re-established as a democratic body in 1973 after years of gerrymandering had ensured a Protestant majority council in a predominantly Catholic city. Apocryphal or not, people in Derry remember a councillor saying "*They're* having no museum." Derry's new council made an immediate commitment to support local cultural initiatives and by 1978 had established a department of Community Service and Culture. This department began by giving financial support to the new Orchard Gallery, and became and remains the sole funding body for the ambitious Foyle Arts Project, a centre for a wide range of cultural activities, housed in an old grammar school, still in the process of being renovated.

Second, Derry has no great white elephant of an institution whose maintenance costs eat up large amounts of the arts budget. The Orchard Gallery, below ground level, is an unprepossessing building at the bottom of one of the city's hills, which has nevertheless been a focus of important art shows, forging interesting connections with European galleries and artists. As the first professionally run art space in Derry, the Orchard has also staged rock concerts for new Derry Bands committed to writing their own music, sponsored theatre projects and housed children's bookfairs. The other art space, the Foyle Project, has its roots in the Youth and Community Workshop for unemployed young people set up in the derelict grammar school building in 1978. Since central government had stopped all capital arts projects in the early eighties, the renovation of that building gave Derry its best chance to have a general arts centre. The Workshop also needed a project to work on, and the two needs met. Since that time the Workshop members have been working alongside contractors to convert the building, with arts and community groups beginning to use the space as soon as it became available. The result was that the building was put to use in order to find out what use it could be - and to whom. So many other cultural institutions, on the contrary, are implanted into towns with their functions already settled by interests elsewhere. The Foyle Project hosted its first professional art show in November 1986, two years after the building was in local use and it still awaits its "official" opening.

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Third, there's a real commitment to a cultural policy which is simultaneously "localist" and internationalist. McGonagle has a sharp sense of the history and present politics of the place - and the local artists and those others exhibiting contribute to the overall trajectory of the gallery which is to engage with the concerns of the local constituency. In his recent "A Sense of Place" lecture Declan McGonagle counted the cost paid by those who neglected these responsibilities: "Many of the independent galleries set up or expanded as part of the strategies of the seventies were totally unprepared for the 'Glory of the Garden' policies and did not have the protection of their constituencies." This concern with constituency is not to be confused with that of community arts which too often assumes "locals" want to know nothing outside their city boundaries, despite all the postwar evidence to the contrary. Look at the embrace by English youth of US rock 'n' roll (rather than English folk) and American cinema (rather than English theatre)—and the traffic between black and white cultures. The popular audience is potentially both localist and internationalist as McGonagle's policy recognises. What *is* missing from the arts projects in Derry is any desire to foster "national" institutions, a desire which disfigures so much cultural activity in England.

A good instance of the consequences of lusting after national status is the fate of the Tate Gallery, Liverpool, which at first sight would appear to be a real regional initiative. There is no doubt that this is how it has been represented, and Richard Francis, its director, is determined to pursue an active education policy within and without the gallery, establishing its relationship with the local constituency. But the prognosis is not good - primarily because the Tate Gallery, Liverpool remains a project on a metropolitan model. The initiative itself came from London—the Tate director and trustees were looking for a new site for modern art and, as the press release so honestly admits, "the attraction of the Albert Dock and the government funding available to inner city projects made Liverpool the ideal site." Its very existence tells the people of Liverpool that they cannot forge their own models of cultural development. There is no sign that metropolitan control will diminish: Bill Woodrow's "English Heritage" piece was not allowed to be shown at Liverpool by Tate, London.

Rumour has it that the Tate Millbank, trying to turn itself into a world-class contemporary art museum, is being financially frugal with its new and rival sibling. It may be that the galleries heralded by Prince Charles at their opening last month will soon be left dark and staff laid off, due to lack of funds. Metropolitan control of funding mixed with expensive-to-maintain plant may be a lethal cocktail. The other problem of the Tate Gallery, Liverpool, is that it has been airlifted into the city. The National Collection of Modern Art in the North of England as it is called (is the London Tate "The National Collection of Modern Art in the South of England"?), makes clear that the Tate at Liverpool want to be simultaneously a regional institution and one with national pretensions. And this means that it had to be opened by one of the "great and good", in this case, Prince Charles. It was not until four days after the official opening that the people of Liverpool were invited to see inside. The contrast with the Foyle Project could not be starker.

Clearly, Derry is a special case - it has a football team that plays in the Republic of Ireland League, for instance. It is also a place where the visual arts are alive and well, and not merely the concern of professional artists. The Loyalist and Nationalist murals which punctuate the city and the availability of an iconography common to artists and their constituencies are signs of this. And when Declan McGonagle says that he sees the gallery space as the whole city, it seems more than mere words given the present and historical significance of so many of the "sights" of Derry: the city wall built by the City of London, the British soldiers in full combat gear patrolling the streets, and the monuments, such as the most violent First World War Memorial I have ever seen, in which a soldier stands and points his bayonet down to the Catholic Bogside.

But in other ways, Derry is not a special place. It is, as are so many others, determinedly non-metropolitan and its history and present life cannot easily be assimilated to the National Story we are all supposed to tell our children. It is also, like many others, a multicultural city - this year the city is trying to find a way in which Loyalists and Nationalists can both celebrate 1688; the museums have to do likewise.

One of the many tales that we have been told is that there was once a homogenous national culture which is now under threat from multiculturalism, as if there was, is, or is ever likely to be, *one* tradition within England—not to mention the traditions within each of the marginalised nations in the United Kingdom. Seen in these terms, Derry seems to be eloquent in what it can tell us about how to resist this "National Fiction". We have either to recognise, and find ways of sustaining and perhaps transforming the variety of cultural and political identities available to us, or else agree to settle for our subordinated place in the "old" national story.

Television

We was robbed

Nick Kimberley samples the TV version of Labour MP Chris Mullin's 1990s political fantasy "A Very British Coup".

The audience received a brief pep talk at the press screening of the first episode of **A Very British Coup** (Sunday, C4 9.15-10.15pm). We were warned that what the series tackled was not "What is" but "What if...?" Clearly we were about to see some far-fetched fantasy set in an unlikely future; prepare to suspend disbelief.

What *A Very British Coup* builds its fantasy around is the landslide victory in a general election of a Labour Party committed to genuine socialist policies: far-fetched perhaps, if not quite a science fiction scenario. It's to the credit of director Mick Jackson and scriptwriter Alan Plater that the series indulges in no SF projections in order to realise its vision of this "unlikely" future. The country may now have a King, but otherwise this is a recognisable Britain. Except, of course, that it has elected a socialist government.

The new prime minister is Harry Perkins (Ray McAnally), a populist whose style is more familiar in American politics. He *walks* from Buckingham Palace to Downing Street, carrying his clobber in a Sheffield Wednesday supporter's bag; he won't do away with first-class travel on British Rail, he'll get rid of second class—we're all first class, aren't we?

These details are observed with loving irony, and McAnally is superb. Coming so soon after his portrayal of the unreliable politician father in *A Perfect Spy*, his characterisation perhaps makes Perkins too much the raffish scoundrel—after all, it is possible to be a socialist MP without being a con-man. Ask Chris Mullin, Labour MP for Sunderland South, on whose novel the series is based.

But then the TV *A Very British Coup* is ultimately less interested in politics than Mullin's novel. Yet Plater's script does make clear both the excitement and the danger that would follow a socialist election victory—America, for one, isn't going to like this. There's also a pleasingly sardonic sense of Britain's fondness for social display—10 Downing Street is here nothing less than a stately home with a full complement of uniformed lackeys. As Harry Perkins says, he's been here before, but he wasn't allowed to handle the silver.

All this Plater observes with humour and breathless pacing, fleshing it out with just the right amount of romance and intrigue. But, as election nights in the real world demonstrate, politics are now a media event. Mixing narcissism with self-critique, Mick Jackson fills *A Very British Coup* with images of our media-saturated environment. Video screens shudder with column after column of information; TV is the main arena of political debate and confrontation; and for Harry Perkins, political life is a press conference for which he writes his own headlines. He's dogged at every step by microphones, tape recorders, cameras—and he loves it. This media image of a media world is persuasive, but in the end nobody believes it as much as the media's own representatives. At the press preview, the end of the film was not the end of the show. Ray McAnally was there in person, signalling the audience to switch to press conference mode—no cameras perhaps, but plenty of microphones and tape recorders. It was as if the show had stepped off the screen into real life—and that's the point of this TV version of *A Very British Coup*.

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Ray McAnally as Labour PM Harry Perkins in "A Very British Coup"

Cinema

Double exposure

Suzanne Moore on the politics of decadence at this year's Piccadilly Film Festival.

Some films are like bad dreams: long after you have forgotten what they were about they still leave you with a feeling of unease. Film perhaps more than an other medium is able to capture the strange truth of dreams and delusions. To ask whether such films are "good" or "bad" is often to miss the point.

Shot Down (Piccadilly Film Festival, Tuesday 7.45 pm) is such a film. Made by white director Andrew Worsdale, it doesn't so much record as recreate the nightmare that is South Africa. In a week when liberal consciousness sang along to the demands to free Nelson Mandela, *Shot Down* looks at an increasingly isolated South Africa through the eyes of its young white liberals.

Paul, a cynical film-maker, hangs out with his radical chic friends while at the same time being employed by the government to entrap a black leader. His girfriend drinks and fantasises about becoming a secretary in order to get close enough to Botha to kill him. Her friend rehearses an "I'm so sorry I'm white" routine for their political cabaret act. When Paul eventually gets to meet the black activists, they refuse to become mere material for his documentary and demand instead to be its producers. The moviemaker-as-spy is thus doubly exposed.

Self-loathing and disgust fill every frame of this film. What we see is a society crumbling from the inside, its social fabric rotting in paranoia and guilt. In the hot sun, on the concrete beaches of Durban, Afrikaner businessmen

MEDIATIONS

The Thatcher governments have so re-written the agenda that their right-wing fundamentalism is prescribed as "common sense". Countervailing views are now "dismissed" as in some separate sense "political"—a reconstruction of language that suggests Orwell.

Embracing this newspeak, the BBC is running scared of the notion of "political"; thus *Tumbledown*, the BBC announces, is not to be thought of as "political"; and the Nelson Mandela 70th birthday concert is "just a concert". Denis Herbstein's background feature on the imprisoned ANC leader is dropped from *Radio Times*, by order of Paul Fox himself, and a picture-spread with a much shorter, rather innocuous piece is substituted. Rumour, smilingly discounted in the concert production office, suggested that a delay mechanism on the relay was to have been used to stop mentions of the ANC.

Former BBC Head of Current Affairs John Gau, now one of the most successful independents, midwived the deal that brought the concert to the BBC. "They're obviously an organisation very concerned not to be harassed," he observes. "It all indicates a certain nervousness. But the fact is that the BBC agreed to put it out and that's 100 per cent better than nobody putting it out. The choice of artists and what they sang was down to Elephant House, the company that created the concert with Anti-Apartheid, not the BBC. Of course, the BBC was making its own programme with its own presenters as were other countries. I have no doubt there were contingencies to cover any eventuality. But it would be naive to think you could cover such an event without its undertone of politics."

The government has ordained that video recordings made off air must be wiped within 28 days. A huge new samizdat will thus be created at a stroke. Fans of "Neighbours" or nature documentaries or old movies will go on collecting regardless. Actors and their agents will continue to make showreels. Writers and directors will always want their own records of their television work. People who have appeared on "Tarby's Frame Game" or "Kilroy" or "After Dark" or "Question Time" will naturally want to keep a copy of their moment of glory. Researchers, unable to afford the prohibitive cost of access to the BBC's visual archive, will go on saving the material they need. Even the monitoring unit at Tory Central Office, set up by Norman Tebbit to "prove" bias in the coverage of politics, will surely want to pursue its anal work. What is the point of writing unenforceable laws that millions of citizens will ignore?

W. Stephen Gilbert

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"Anita: Dances of Vice": "her response to fascism was to become more and more outrageous"

casually abuse black servants simply because that is their right. A man has a row with his girlfriend and shoots the people who witness it. In a senseless society, what difference does one more senseless act make?

There is nothing to like here, nobody to identify with. Unlike David Attenborough's *Cry Freedom*, which worked as a validation of a secure, liberal and humanitarian identity, *Shot Down* charts the disintegration of the white South African psyche as its death-wish surfaces in a final orgy of decadence and despair. Driven along by a frantic soundtrack which includes such bands as Sons of Gadafi Barmitzah, *Shot Down* has been banned in South Africa—which can only indicate that it's doing something right.

Anita: Dances of Vice (Piccadilly Film Festival, Saturday 9 pm) is set in the midst of another declining society, that of 1920s Berlin. This beautiful film moves between black and white episodes of an old woman in a psychiatric hospital who claims to be Anita Berber—the famous nude dancer of the Twenties—and luscious colour sequences where she is reminiscing. The extraordinary Lotti Huber dismisses the disbelieving staff and inmates with her tales of bisexuality, decadence and drug addiction, and of how she and her partner Droste danced their "dances of vice, horror and ecstasy".

What is so wonderful about *Anita* is the way director Rosa Von Prauheim has broken with the straight documentary style of his previous films such as *Army of Lovers*, which chronicled the rise of the gay movement. In *Anita* he is playing around with the history of cinema itself by contrasting two opposing styles of film-making. On the one hand there is the expressionistic, exaggerated camp of silent movies (used in the colour sequences), and on the other the grainy black and white "realism" (used in the scenes set in the hospital). But which is more real? which is the truth?—after all, the old woman's delusions are entirely real to her, in fact they make her life bearable. And for the youthful Anita, love of artifice was not only a way of life but a form of resistance. Her response to fascism was to become more and more outrageous.

When the old woman is asked how she could have danced when she should have been fighting for socialism, she replies "Who wants to end up being fished out of a canal?" in a reference to the fate of Rosa Luxembourg. When threatened with tranquillisers she asks for opium; when offered a rosary she roars "I don't want a cross, I want a cock."

This kind of decadence-as-extravagance-of-the-spirit is a long way removed from the decadence-as-moral-breakdown of *Shot Down*. It is less a refusal to see the real circumstances of life than a means of constructing a new identity. *Anita* is able to capture the sense of an historical moment when this still seemed, at least for some people, possible.

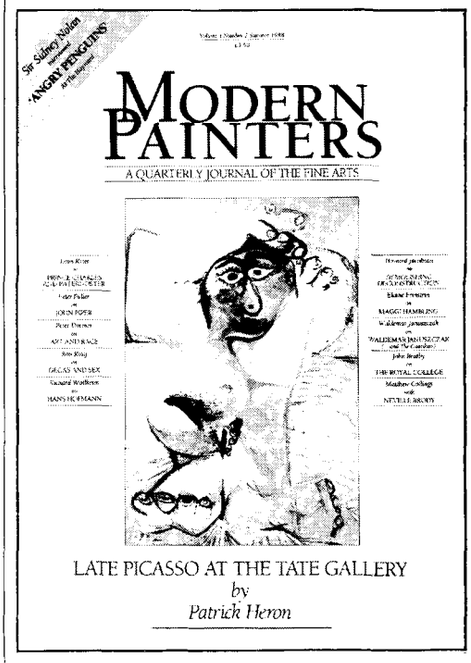
And it is this feeling for the revolutionary impulse that is often missing from more straightforwardly political and "realistic" films, such as Von Trotta's version of the life of Rosa Luxembourg. To view history through personalities, or classes even, is to miss one of most its central dynamics. Both these films understand, in their different ways, that history is as much about dreams and delusions as it is about movements.

The Piccadilly Film and Video Festival runs from 16–23 June at the Metro, Rupert Street, London W1.

Print

The fuller picture

"Modern Painters" mined a highly traditionalist vein on its way to a sell-out first number. Amanda Sebestyen looks for clues to this success in the new issue.



LATE PICASSO AT THE TATE GALLERY
by
Patrick Heron

It is difficult to make a Barcelona anarchist into an Englishman. This has not prevented art critic Peter Fuller from arguing for the next best thing: namely that only the English have really *understood* Picasso, and only the right kind of English at that. In order to pull this off he has had to turn Cubism into a new form of Victorian uplift: "an attempt *against the grain of modernity* to preserve a 19th century aesthetic rooted... in spiritual values".

Is it to this cream-tea version of the art universe that Fuller's lavishly produced new quarterly *Modern Painters* (£3.50) owes its sales? The first issue sold out at 10,000 copies and is reprinting as the second reaches the bookshops and magazine racks.

In his cantankerous journey from the left, Fuller has retained a style of invigorating bombast, a capacity to swinge that he shares with his hero Ruskin — who wrote the original *Modern Painters* in five volumes through the 1840s—and with F.R. Leavis, whose *Scrutiny* journal was also something of a model. Fuller, like Leavis, is in the business of defining a Great Tradition: Paul Nash, Graham Sutherland, Henry Moore, the School of London. Leavis and Fuller also

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share a problem. Their followers tend to be dull, and it isn't possible to write a whole journal on your own.

The flood of the great and the good who swelled the first hundred-page issue produced a peculiar democracy of the generally pissed-off, Prince Charles and Roger Scruton rubbing shoulders with postmodernist post-*Artscribe* editor Matthew Collings. But now the Fullerites from the back of the journal have moved up front, writing longer and worse than last time, while the rest starts descending into a ruck of seconded *Spectator* and *Literary Review* types, with a sprinkling of celebrities from other branches of the culture industry.

Opponents of Fuller's British-is-best line have pointed out how often the best of British artists come from abroad. And the argument can also be turned the other way: how many painters born in England have run for their artistic lives away from the weather—Turner to Italy, Bomberg to Spain, Hockney to California? It even works in reverse. When artists like Australian Sidney Nolan come to England their work goes off.

When *Modern Painters* says British it means English: one of the most romantic and lyrical, as well as alive and opulent of contemporary schools, the Black British, seems quite unheard of here. The two young artists picked to carry on the journal's Great Tradition are conspicuous for a certain emptiness in their canvas. Therese Oulton and Christopher Le Brun are miles apart in technique—one is a prodigy, the other an

Picasso: Nu couche au collier/Modern Painters

incompetent; what they have in common is the difficulty of relating their paintings to anything except other paintings. And this, of course, is the point.

Modern Painters can count on a mass of people who through the 1970s and 1980s have got more and more tired of only hearing what paintings are *about*, of having good, bad and ugly equated in the same sociological slurry of being talked down to. Neville Brody's surprisingly self-critical interview with Matthew Collings, tucked away at the back of this second issue, shines a sidelight: "The sort of art magazine I would enjoy would be one where the greater part of the magazine is taken up with creative work rather than discursive analysis."

Modern Painters' biggest selling point is its claim to have done away with current artspeak. Some of its contributors simply use the artspeak of the 1920s instead. But the question is—why should that earlier artspeak be so much simpler, and more readable, and even occasionally more interesting than today's?

The success of *Modern Painters* and the failure of *News on Sunday* have the same root. An art of "plain speaking", the pride of the left from Tom Paine to the *Daily Mirror*, has become the domain of the right. Radical writing on the left, and particularly writing on culture, now comes wrapped in more flannel than a Joseph Beuys.

The speed and clarity of John Berger's writing on art are unimaginable now. They were based on certainties derived in part—like the skills of plainspeaking's last great practitioner Paul Foot, and indeed of Peter Fuller himself—from public-school Marxism. The rise of women, gays, blacks, greens and animal righters should have made the return to certainty impossible, but not the return to simplicity. Unfortunately things have turned out the other way round.

A generation of radical academics circulated the language of textuality, distinguishing themselves from the *hoi polloi* of their own movements, and in these hard times that language has got stamped on the whole shrinking culture of the left. Catalogue notes frequently provoke laughter as some poor artist gets lost in the dictionary, or more often tears as some impenetrable jargoniser is dragged in to "mediate" and "configurate" the work, moving it safely upmarket from the communities that gave it life.

I can't help feeling that *Modern Painters* is better than we deserve.

MARCEL MARCEAU

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Music

Idol investment

Stuart Cosgrove on how pop's new money apes aristocratic lifestyles.

"Rock stars' natural habitat has become the boardroom"

Rex Features

How many aristocrats does it take to change a light bulb? "Lightbulbs? We can't afford lightbulbs." OK, it's not the most original joke of the year, nor is it particularly up to date—pop music and the social shifts of Thatcherism have seen to that. The decline of the old gentry, swamped in importance by the rise of the estate-agent class has created a war of Tory attrition. For the first time in history it's legitimate to feel sorry for someone with a double-barrelled name. Unless, it happens to be Simon Napier-Bell.

But what of the world of pop, where social changes are reflected with the tardiness of a delayed barometer? Contrary to common belief, the most significant development in eighties pop has not been the rise of dance music nor the inevitable dominance of the compact disc, but the installation of a pop aristocracy. Take a look at the album charts. Fleetwood Mac are virtually sitting tenants. They can claim a lineage that dates back to pop's middle-ages and currently have two LPs, *Rumours* and *Tango in the night*, playing the part of trusty servants.

To enter the pop aristocracy you have to have noble blood, born of longevity and lordly behaviour rather than heritage. Roger Daltrey is the classic laird, living on his trout farm in Sussex, and unable to leave home without his American Express card. You can almost hear the merry trudge of green wellingtons as he muses on his days with The Who.

Scotland is the natural habitat of the pop aristocracy: all that unspoilt land is ripe for retiral. Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull, who celebrate their 20th anniversary this month, has an estate at Strathaird on the Isle of Skye and employs 85 people on his personal fish farm. What is it with fish? Have they replaced blonde groupies as the displaced fantasy of ageing stars?

"Mull of Kintyre", Paul McCartney's personal homage to his highland and island farm, was the pop aristocracy's first hit single, but since then they have come with relentless regularity. We've just seen the release of a new Rod Stewart LP, *Out of Order* (Warners), which contains an implausible cover version of the old chestnut, "Nobody knows you when you're down and out". (A bit rich coming from someone who hires special jet planes to take him to the football.)

But to reduce the pop aristocracy to a question of wealth would be to misunderstand it. The real measure is not money itself but how it's invested. The recent conifer scam, in which rich pop stars took advantage of tax benefits and government grants to ruin huge areas of land, has highlighted the growth of aristo-pop.

The land holdings that Genesis have on Pennyghael Estate in Mull and the 889 acres that The Thomson Twins own in the south of Scotland bring new meaning to the term absent landlord. The old image of the landed Surrey businessman with his highland retreat is giving way to a post-punk gentry. "Good morning, your Lordship, those lime green plus-fours are very becoming".

Ecology is the issue which undoubtedly divides pop's aristocracy. On the one hand there are those musicians who have placed their business interests in the hands of accountants with double-entry ethics. And on the other hand there are those, including U2, Simple Minds and Peter Gabriel, who have demonstrated a much more sensitive attitude to their estates.

To find an analogy for groups like U2 you have to return to the art patronage of the Medici family in Renaissance Italy. Over the last few years they have made substantial investments in Dublin's thriving artistic community—including the Grapevine Arts Centre (a music rehearsal facility called the City Centre) and the direct funding of a New York based Irish painter, Catherine Owens. Art patronage and careful investment in local cultural initiatives have induced Peter Gabriel to help fund student animation work in Bristol and Simple Minds to be involved in several Glasgow based projects.

Contrary to common belief, the most significant development in eighties pop has not been the rise of dance music or the CD, but the installation of a pop aristocracy

The rationale is simple. In a pop movement where ecology and humanist causes like Amnesty International are crucial, no concerned pop group can afford to be uncaring. The days of wrecked hotel rooms are clearly numbered.

Or are they? As pop grows older, so it confronts the problems of parenthood and in true aristocratic tradition that means the rise of the poor little rich kid torn by the tensions of inherited wealth. Paul McCartney's teenagers will share £70 million if their father dies and Jade Jagger, daughter of Mick and darling of the tabloids, stands to inherit an estimated £80 million. But Jade's behaviour, eloping with a renegade aristocrat, is reminiscent of the wayward naughtiness of the rich. She was even summoned by her worried father to his luxury chateau in the Loire Valley. You can almost hear a chorus of French maids laughing behind their boss's back: "Here comes his nineteenth nervous breakdown."

When Elton John's new album is released next month in the slipstream of his current single, *I don't want to go on with you like that*, some of the profits will inevitably disappear into the ledgers at Watford Football Club. The pop aristocracy cherish the romantic, escapist tradition of their self-styled public school. The appeal is the retreat into childhood. Where Prince Charles remembers the kilted discipline of Gordonstoun, Elton John recalls his imagined boyhood kicking a can on the way up Vicarage Road.

The rise of the rock aristocracy in the eighties relates in complex ways to changes in the pop process. The singers who came to prominence in the beat room of the sixties have now had 20 years of interrupted success as artists and business investors. A pattern of behaviour is now in play. The pressure of fame and public attention leads to an initial period of conspicuous consumption in which London clubs and Hilton hotels are the rock star's natural habitat. Then a period of enterprise takes over in which the star is confronted by the responsibility of wealth. Surrounded by managers, accountants, lawyers and, most significantly, a whole retinue of staff dependent on pop success, the rock star's natural habitat becomes a boardroom. Finally the pop musician retreats from fame and seeks refuge in the country. Inevitably, the castles of Ireland, the islands of Scotland, the colonial homes of Nassau and off-shore tax havens dotted around the world become the most pressing necessities. In this final phase the aristo-pop star's natural habitat becomes a fish-farm and true happiness is the sound of a passing peasant doffing his cap: "Great album your Lordship. When's your next single out?"

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(Ref: SS 783)

GRADE: SO1/2 £11,322 to £13,173

A Welfare Rights Unit is soon to be established within Sandwell Social Services Department.

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The Welfare Rights Workers would be involved in: the training of Social Services Staff in welfare benefits: providing back-up advice, help and information on welfare rights work to Departmental Staff; providing a specialist benefit input into case reviews for clients returning into the Community; running take-up campaigns within Social Services Establishments to ensure that clients are receiving their maximum entitlements. There will also be an opportunity to co-work cases and take part in advocacy on behalf of clients.

We are looking for staff who have an up-to-date working knowledge and experience of the benefits system, who have experience of staff training, debt counselling, money management, advocacy and representational work. Workers would be expected to work on their own initiative as well as work as a Team.

In order to make our services more relevant to the black community in Sandwell we hope that at least two of the four workers will be from the Afro-Caribbean and South Asian Community.

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And development of services, liaison with other community resources; and supervision of instructors. Experience of working with people with learning disabilities; proven ability to supervise staff, support and guide key workers; experience of introducing and managing change with staff and clients; and working with families with a disabled member; will be essential proven experience of equal opportunities staff management and providing a sensitive service to a multi-ethnic client group. Closing date July 22, 1988.

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Key worker basis; to facilitate, choice of facilities, plan activities and review needs and choices regularly.

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For informal discussion please contact Val Teloka or Rosalind Greenwood on 01 881 3000 ext. 3370.

Application form and job description from Director of Social Services, 40 Cumberland Road, Wood Green, N22 4SG or telephone our 24 hour answering service on 01 881 4704 quoting the job title and relevant reference number.

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It is expected that the person appointed will be in the office when the School celebrates its Centenary in 1995.

Further particulars of the appointment may be obtained from Dr Christine Challis, The Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2A 2AE.

Anyone interested in being considered for appointment or wishing to recommend anyone for consideration is invited to communicate as soon as possible, but not later than the end of September, with the Chairman of the the Court of Governors at the School. Communications should be marked Private and Confidential.

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Closing date 23rd June 1988.

Application forms for both posts from: The Director of Social Services, The Shirehall, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

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We would particularly welcome black applicants for this post, as they are underepresented in this field.

For an application form, please apply in writing to the Director of Social Services, 99 The Grove, Stratford, London E15 1HR or telephone 01 519 2095 (24 hour answering service). *Closing date 1st July 1988.*

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable.
All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

CITY OF WESTMINSTER DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES

Research Assistant: Social Work in Partnership

Applications are invited for a 2-year appointment from 1 September, or a date to be agreed, based in London on a project investigating new models of social work practice with elderly people and families with children. The successful applicant will work in a research team variously located in Bradford, London and Sheffield. Applicants should have knowledge of relevant services, experience in writing evaluative reports, and either a degree in the social sciences or a professional qualification in social work or a related field.

Salary will be paid on the scale for Research and Analagous Staff, Grade IB (£8,675 - £11,680 per annum) according to age, qualifications and experience.

Further information from **Peter Marsh/Eric Sainsbury, Department of Sociological Studies, The University, Sheffield, S10 2TN (Tel: 0742-768555 ext 6323/6329)** to whom applications (with the names of 3 referees) should be sent not later than 8 July 1988. There are no application forms. Quote reference MAP032.

An equal opportunity employer.

Classified advertising
Tel: 01-739-1645

UNIVERSITY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Department of Religious Studies

Research Fellowship in the Social and Religious Aspects of Ethnic Minority Settlement on Tyneside

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates, preferably with a good honours degree, a doctorate or other postgraduate qualification in the Social Sciences or Religious Studies, and appropriate work or research experience.

The nature of the post-war ethnic minority settlement on Tyneside (relatively small, primarily Asian) provides a very useful 'test-case' in British urban studies, most of which tend to underplay religion as a key variable in the complex world of work, housing, education and family formation. The Research Fellow will be concerned to collate and evaluate the available quantitative data on ethnic settlements in the area, but primarily to undertake an analysis of ethnic minority religions and religious institutions, as well as an analysis of the role of religion in affecting community-based forms of association with the economic, educational and political aspects of local life. In particular it is intended to expand the comprehension of the role of women and of inter-generational differences within the context.

The post, which is financed by the University in order to foster and stimulate research projects of outstanding potential is for a period of two years. Salary will be on the Grade 1A scale: £9,865 - £15,720 p.a. according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars may be obtained from the **Senior Assistant Registrar (Establishments), The University, 6 Kensington Terrace, Newcastly upon Tyne, NE1 7RU** with whom applications (3 copies) together with the names and addresses of 3 referees, should be lodged not later than 15th July, 1988.

FACULTY OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

Middlesex Polytechnic is a major provider of social work education and training in London and the Home Counties, with a range of undergraduate, post-graduate and professional courses.

Lecturer in Social Work

£10,071 – £15,369pa inc

A Lecturer in Social Work is required with experience in any specialised area of field social work, residential or day care, who could also make a contribution to the Polytechnic's work on gender and race issues in social work.

Applicants should be graduates with relevant professional experience and qualifications, with a proven ability or potential to engage in research and development work.

For an informal discussion about this post contact the Head of the School of Social Work, Professor Geoffrey Pearson, on 01-368 1299 extn 2385 or 2318.

Write quoting ref 8080/C for further details and an application form: Personnel Office, Middlesex Polytechnic, Queensway, Enfield, Middlesex EN3 4SF. Closing date 23 June.

Middlesex Polytechnic

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INLAND REVENUE STAFF FEDERATION

GENERAL TREASURER

The Inland Revenue Staff Federation has an unexpected vacancy and wishes to appoint a General Treasurer as soon as possible. Beyond qualifications (which need not be professional) and experience for the 'finance' side of the post, applicants should be capable of embracing the personnel, office management and organisational aspects of it. They should be interested in and be willing to effect and to accept change. They should have experience of or sympathy for Trade Unions. The IRSF is affiliated to the TUC.

Starting salary by negotiation within the scale £14,163 to £22,631 inclusive of London Weighting. Non-contributory pension. 30 days leave.

There is no application form, though fuller particulars of the responsibilities of the post are available on request.

Applications, preferably typed and giving a phone number, to:

Tony Christopher, General Secretary,
INLAND REVENUE STAFF FEDERATION
Douglas Houghton House, 231 Vauxhall Bridge Road,
London, SW1V 1EH
Telephone: 01-834 8254

in envelopes marked "Application - Private".

The firm closing date is Tuesday 5th July 1988. Any necessary preliminary interviews will be held on 12 July. Final interviews will be held on the morning of 22nd July.

Shelter

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS

HEAD OF RESEARCH & INFORMATION

Shelter's head of Research & Information will be at the heart of furthering the campaign for decent homes for all. Applicants will need a detailed knowledge of housing issues and debates and also the ability to turn that knowledge into timely policy documents. The successful applicant will welcome the challenge of initiating original research and contributing to a dynamic campaigning organisation. We are looking for someone with at least three years' experience in housing (or related) research and a background in information management. As head of a small team you will have the commitment to motivate others and proven sympathy with Shelter's work.

HEAD OF GENERAL FUNDRAISING

Shelter is looking for the right person to head our recently formed general fundraising section. S/he will open up new avenues for our fundraising and improve our performance on existing schemes. The successful applicant will have at least three years' experience, a proven innovative approach to their work, the ability and commitment to motivate others as well as sympathy with Shelter's campaign for decent homes for all.

For both posts: starting salary in the range £13350-£14035 rising by annual increments to £14,786 (pay award pending).

Write to Ms Margaret Donnelly, Shelter, 88 Old Street, London, EC1V 9HU Telephone: 01-253-0202 ext 206 ■ Closing date for both posts: 20 June 1988.

Shelter is striving towards becoming an Equal Opportunities employer. We welcome applications from all sections of the community, regardless of race, sex, disability or sexual orientation. Staff must have a positive commitment to the implementation of Shelter's equal opportunities policies.

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

seeks a part-time

ROAD SAFETY ASSISTANT

20 hrs per week, arranged to suit. Although this post involves some routine administration, it is not a secretarial role. You will be responsible for providing information, supporting community activism and helping to devise a publicity strategy. **Salary pro-rata c. £8,900.**

For a job description and an application form, please phone or send an sae. to: **Judy Skeats, Friends of the Earth, 26/28 Underwood Street, London, N1 7JQ. Tel: 01-490-1555.**

Closing date for the above post: 30th June 1988.

FoE has non-smoking offices.

FoE is striving to be an Equal Opportunities Employer

D.I.A.L.

DRUGS INFORMATION AND ADVICE LINE

seeks a

CO-ORDINATOR

With social, groupwork, training and managerial skills, preferably in the area of drug misuse.

Applicants should be qualified and/or experienced and must be resilient. Salary under review.

Informal enquiries 0480 413800. Further information and applications to Lesley Parker at:

Drugs Information and Advice Line, Petersfield, St. Peters Road, Huntingdon, Cambs. Telephone: 0480 57349.

Closing date: 1st July 1988.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

requires an experienced and qualified

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY WORKER

to initiate and develop activities with an inner-city community centre in Wolverhampton.

The successful applicant will be in sympathy with the Christian aims of the Association and have proven administrative and community work skills. Salary on current JNC Level 2. For informal enquiries telephone the Regional Secretary on 0203-56737.

For further details and application form telephone 0865-726111 (24 hour answering service) quoting ref Y1.

Closing date for applicatons: 20.6.88.

INTERNATIONAL TRANSPORT WORKERS' FEDERATION

Assistants needed for interesting work connected with promoting the interests of seafarers worldwide. Experience of the maritime industry, trade unions and/or legal work and the ability to speak one or more languages (in addition to English) would be a considerable advantage.

Work will involve liaising with crew members and trade unions in different countries and use of computerised information systems/word processing. Salary and conditions dependent on experience.

Also needed **Secretary** with excellent shorthand/typing skills. Word-processing an advantage but training will be given.

The ITF is an equal opportunities employer.

Please write with your CV to the Administrative Secretary, ITF, 133-135, Great Suffolk Street, London, SE1 1PD.

CAMPAIGNS OFFICER (EEC)

The World Development Movement has a vacancy for a Campaigns Officer to work on issues such as trade where the EEC determines UK policy. WDM is Britain's main pressure group on Third World issues and is supported by the major development agencies and churches. Applicants must have proven commitment to the work of voluntary development agencies.

Salary scale £9,995 — £12,252.

Full details, job description and application form, returnable by 28th June 1988, from:

WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA (01-836 3672)

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT

requires a Secretary/PA with shorthand/typing and word processing skills to work in 1992 campaign. Enthusiasm and reliability very important. Salary £12,500 p.a.

Please phone Joyce on 01-839-6622

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Buckinghamshire County Council

An Equal Opportunity Employer

SOCIAL SERVICES

TEAM MANAGER

Adults with Learning Disabilities **Ref: F346**

£15,105-£16,329

Northern Division, Milton Keynes

Due to a major restructuring of the Department, this new post has been created to manage and develop a wide range of fieldwork, residential and day care services for people with a mental handicap.

Resources at present include two special education centres, a special needs unit, two hostels and six group homes. There are also major initiatives by voluntary agencies and the Health Authority.

We are looking for a creative and committed leader with proven management skills, expertise within this specialism plus experience at collaborating with other agencies.

For informal enquiries please contact Rosemary Pritchard, Assistant Divisional Director, telephone Aylesbury (0296) 747214.

DEPUTY MANAGER

£12,675-£13,416 **Ref: D287**

Seeley's House Day Centre and Short-term Residential Unit

Since 1983 this house has provided a facility for the care and development of severely mentally and physically handicapped young adults.

The Deputy Manager will spend half of his/her time working in the Residential Unit (involving shifts, on-call duties and some weekends), and half of his/her time in the Day Centre. Ideally, applicants should have had experience in both residential and day care settings with this client group.

The development of new projects and ideas is an important feature of Seeley's House, as is the maintenance of the high standards already achieved at this progressive unit. The Deputy Manager's role is, to some extent, a flexible one with specific duties agreed with the Manager.

As the Unit has a large staff group of over 40 people, you will be expected to demonstrate an ability to motivate, supervise and support staff.

For more information and an informal discussion about the post, please telephone Carol Gant, Manager, or Bonita Holland, Deputy Manager, on Beaconsfield 77339/77902.

HOME CARE MANAGERS

£11,322-£12,075 **Ref: A163**

Southern Division (2 Posts) and Northern Division (1 Post)

These posts have been established as part of the development and implementation of the new Home Care Service. You will be members of geographical social work teams and will manage the work of 2-4 Home Care Organisers and be responsible for all aspects of the management of Home Care.

You will need to demonstrate an understanding of good practice, an ability to motivate and supervise staff as well as a potential for effective administration and management.

Ideally you should be qualified (CSS or CQSW) but applications will also be considered from graduates in social or human sciences and those educated to 'A' level standard. A willingness to undertake professional training is essential.

All posts are full-time and offer opportunities for further career development within the Social Services setting. A car allowance is payable and an assisted car purchase or leasing scheme is also available.

For further information, please contact Sheila Eldridge on Aylesbury 383032, or John Williams on High Wycombe 442277.

DEPUTY OFFICER IN CHARGE

£10,887-£12,075 **Ref: R919**

Norrill Hostel, Bletchley

This is a hostel for 37 mentally handicapped adults with varying degrees of ability.

We require a Deputy Officer in Charge to complete our management team. The work includes direct supervision of staff, together with managerial responsibilities for the total unit.

You will need to demonstrate good care practice attitudes and the skills to continue development of the staff team.

For an informal chat please contact Tony Bailey, Officer in Charge, on Milton Keynes 72730.

DEPUTY OFFICER IN CHARGE

£9,873-£10,887 (£11,700 if Qualified) **Ref: R923**

RESIDENTIAL WORKER

£7,122-£7,574 (£8,133 if Qualified) **Ref: R924**

Merton House, Princes Risborough

This hostel offers long-term care to 16 former psychiatric patients. It forms part of the Social Services and Area Health Authority Care in the Community initiative and has an emphasis on recovery and rehabilitation, based on normalisation principles.

For the Deputy Officer in Charge vacancy, we are seeking someone with CSS, CQSW or other relevant qualifications to innovate and foster new ideas, as well as providing support for the staff team. An interest in the development of mental health services is essential. You will assist the Officer in Charge with:

— the promotion of good practice;
— the development and supervision of staff and co-ordination of their duties;
— the maintenance and development of existing links with relatives and professional and voluntary groups.

The Residential Worker vacancy is a new post. Applications are invited from people with or without residential experience to join the existing staff team. You will be required to have an interest, concern and commitment towards individuals recovering from the effects of mental illness and institutionalisation. A key-worker system is in operation with the emphasis towards open communication, assessment, care-planning and evaluation. A high level of supervision, support, training and consultation is offered to all staff.

Both vacancies require individuals to undertake shift work and sleeping duties. The Deputy Officer in Charge vacancy has the additional requirement of fulfilling on-call duties as required.

If you would like to know more about either of these vacancies, please telephone Karen Lane, Officer in Charge, on Princes Risborough 2626 for an informal discussion.

DEPUTY OFFICER IN CHARGE

£8,988-£9,873 (£10,536 if Qualified) **Ref: R925**

5 Surrey Road, Bletchley

Is a home where we care for nine young people of different ages, sexes and needs, also to recognise that each person is an individual and aim to meet these needs in a flexible and variety of ways, including:—

(a) preparation for fostering;
(b) shared care with families,
(c) returning to natural parents.

In order to carry out the County Child Care philosophy it is important that the team at Surrey Road work together within the home and with *field social workers and the other professional agencies.*

We are looking for a Deputy Officer in Charge who will have had:—

(a) appropriate residential experience,
(b) experience of supervision,
(c) knowledge of working experience of key worker and link worker schemes,
(d) preferably with suitable qualifications and ability to share management experience.

You will be expected to manage the home in the absence of the Officer in Charge and be capable of motivating children and staff in order to develop good child care practice.

If you feel you meet the demands of this post, and would like further details, please contact Sandra Duffy, Officer in Charge, on Milton Keynes 72638.

Interview date: 14.7.88.

RESIDENTIAL WORKERS (FULL AND PART-TIME)

£4,899-£6,957 pro rata **Ref: R921**

RELIEF RESIDENTIAL WORKER

£6,396 pro rata **Ref: E922**

Merryfields Hostel, High Wycombe

Could you join a team of very caring staff to work with children who have a mental handicap?

We require two Residential Workers, one full-time and one part-time, for 20 hours per week. Duties for these posts centre around caring for the children's everyday physical needs, encouraging their emotional development, helping them to learn new skills and creating an atmosphere of fun in which they can enjoy play and feel happy. Experience in caring for children is desirable but not essential. Guidance and training is available within the establishment and externally. A sense of humour and patience are prime requisites for this demanding but very rewarding work.

Relief staff are required to cover staff absences due to sickness and annual leave and may be called upon at short notice. They will therefore need to work flexible hours and be contactable by phone.

These posts are non-resident.

For more information on these vacancies please contact Pam Harrison, Officer in Charge, on High Wycombe 444138.

Interview date: 13.7.88.

The County Council's benefit package includes, where appropriate, a relocation package up to £7,000, mortgage subsidy, and car leasing scheme.

Application forms and further details are available from the Director of Social Services, County Hall, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire HP20 1EZ. Telephone Aylesbury (0296) 436355 (24-hour answerphone service). Please quote reference number.

Closing date for all these posts: 23.6.88.

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Residential Child Care

Looking back at the problems Following up on the solutions

Before we can guide a troubled child towards a stable and successful adult life, we must examine the years leading up their time in care - assessing individual need and designing a treatment plan accordingly.

At the other end of the spectrum, whilst we are not afraid to rework old problems to reinforce a child's confidence in the progress he or she has made, we are looking to the future. When a still vulnerable adolescent goes out into an adult world, we are preparing to extend our support beyond the Residential Care period. By taking this wide view of Residential Child Care, it becomes clear that the years a child spends in care are relatively few. In Maidenhead you'll find high ideals allied to a very practical sense of urgency.

We have two units in Maidenhead. **Fratons,** provides twelve places for children aged 6/7 upwards, who are often in care for the first time - usually for a short-term residential period. Here you'll be involved in vital, early decisions, working with children and their families towards rehabilitation as the ideal - substitute family care as the only realistic alternative.

The children may be both vulnerable and potentially disruptive, so we try to establish a trusting, professional relationship, without over-emphasising one-to-one emotional ties.

Fratons is a well-established and well-resourced unit in a quiet, residential area. The team works closely with all those concerned in each child's case, we have strong links with the community and a tradition of flexible working that includes after care.

Wessex Way is a small, well appointed home for six young people aged 15-18, who are being prepared for life as young adults. Many of them will have been in care for some time and this adds to the normal stresses of adolescence and the excitement of setting out their own - with an occasionally tense atmosphere as a result.

As well as offering practical training and advice, we build confidence and encourage them to take responsibility for their own actions and decisions.

This calls for well-structured care and direction over a period varying between six months and two years, depending on the individual. After care is provided for all, and close links with local voluntary organisations ensures accommodation and support for young people ready to move on.

Deputy Officer-in-Charge

Wessex Way - £11,130 - £12,318 inclusive

You must be qualified with substantial child care experience, preferably with adolscents - although this is not essential. Sharing the aims, as well as the responsibility for running the unit, you will rapidly become involved as a leading member of the overall team.

Team Leaders

Wessex Way & Fratons - £10,116 - £11,943 inclusive

Although you won't have quite the authority - or indeed the experience - of the Deputy Officer-in-Charge, similar standards of committment and teamwork skills are essential, and you will be expected to 'act up' in his, or her, absence. You will be leading a small team of 2/3 Workers, so you must have considerable child care experience.

Applicants for the above posts should hold one of the following qualifications: CSS, CQSW, CRCCYP, SCRCCYP.

Senior Residential Child Care Officer

Fratons - £8,076 - £10,116 (£10,779 if qualified) inclusive.

Most of the team's work will be focused through you, so you must have 2 - 3 years' experience. If you are not already working towards your CSS, you must be prepared to qualify, with our full assistance. This is one of the more challenging areas of Residential Social Work, so there will be no supervisory duties to distract you from your main purpose - working closely with the families involved to achieve individual treatment goals.

Sleeping-in duties on a rota basis is required for all posts, with additional payments being made. Berkshire is firmly committed to training and career development for all residential staff. For the Deputy and Team Leader posts there is a general relocation expenses scheme and a mortgage subsidy may be available.

For an informal discussion and/or visit please contact:
For Fratons: Bill Thomas, Officer-in-Charge: Tel: Maidenhead (0628) 29472
For Wessex Way: Pat Lister, Officer-in-Charge: Tel: Maidenhead (0628) 24354
Application forms from the Personnel Section - Social Services, 4 Marlow Road, Maidenhead, Berks. SL6 7YR. Tel: Maidenhead (0628) 32444.
Closing date: 27 June 1988.

Royal County of BERKSHIRE

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

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Courses/Training

The Polytechnic of North London offers two 15 week post-graduate specialist courses in

SURVEY METHODS FOR SOCIAL RESEARCHERS

The courses are practice orientated for research workers, administrators and graduate students, and are taught by senior current practitioners.

Survey Analysis Workshop Course 2027 (Oct-Feb)

Hands-on workshops using actual data from real questionnaire surveys, principally the SCPR British Social Attitudes series. Computer processing and statistical analysis using version X of Statistical Package for the Social Sciences (SPSSX) on a powerful VAX cluster. No previous mathematics, statistics or computing needed.

Survey Research Practice Course 2028 (Feb-June)

Research design, sampling, qualitative research, questionnaire design, interviewing, telephone and postal surveys, coding, attitude measurement, commissioning costing, reporting, ethics.

Place: Ladbroke House, Highbury Grove, N5
Time: Tuesdays 6.15 - 8.30pm
Fee: £150 per course (Reductions available for self-paying students).

Further details and application forms from:

P-N-L
THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

Faculty Office, Faculty of Social Studies, Polytechnic of North London, Ladbroke House, 62 - 66 Highbury Grove, London, N5 2AD (Tel: 01-607 2789 x 5123)

MA in Sociology and Social Policy

(Part-time Evening)

Through this course many people working in local government and related areas have already combined obtaining a further qualification with the chance to reflect on their professional practice. Admission (which is by interview) is open to graduates in appropriate disciplines, though other candidates may be considered.

The course takes two years and includes: Social Policy, Welfare and the British State; European Social Structures; Underdevelopment and the World System; Issues in Contemporary Social Policy and an option.

P-N-L
THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

Further details from Roger Hallam (Course Tutor), Department of Sociology, Ladbroke House, Polytechnic of North London, 62-66 Highbury Grove, London N5 2AD. Tel: 01-607 2789 ext 5107.

EXPLORING PSYCHOTHERAPY:

A one year introduction:
Theoretical Seminars and Group Therapy

Thursday 6 - 10 pm starting in October 1988

Write: IPSS, 8 WILLOW ROAD, LONDON, NW3 for further details and application forms. (SAE please).

INTRODUCTION TO MARITAL PSYCHOTHERAPY

A one-year evening course of theoretical and clinical seminars. Further details from:

Benita Dyal, Tavistock Institute of Marital Studies, 120 Belsize Lane, London, NW3 5BA

Telephone: 01-435-7111

THE HEN HOUSE

Luxury women's country club. Come any time for short or long summer breaks or for special events including Massage and Body Week, Retreat Week, Walks and Picnics, Assertiveness, Growing Old Disgracefully, The Psychology of Gender, Women Writers, Novel Writing and a Music Week.

Hawersby Hall, North Thorseby, Lincs, DN36 5QL.
Telephone: 0472 840278

Workshops

LONDON COMMUNITY BUSINESS CONFERENCES:

Communities in Business, 19-20 July, Greenwich. Private sector panel. Practical workshops, Boat trip, Cabaret, Creche. Disabled access. £57.50 and £40.25. Details:

Trevor Watling, LVSC, 68 Chalton Street, London, NW1 1JR. Tel: 01-388-0241.

Agenda

LONDON HISTORY Workshop Seminar. Tristan Platt 'Miracle Cults & Shamanism in south Andean Society: social renewal and ethno-historical periodization'. 7.30 pm at The White Swan, 14 New Row, WC2.

MON 20 JUNE

PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE at 7.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1. Talk by Nicholas Hymn, Secretary of the Ethical Society. "When we shed sexist norms what do we gain as individuals?". Charge 75p including refreshments. UB40 cards; entry free. The Progressive League caters for mind, body and intellectual stimulus. Telephone 01-586-2274 for more information.

TUES 21 JUNE

"SHAW SOCIETY" Friday 24 June. Ellis Hillman on 'Local Government from Shaw to Livingstone". Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Coffee 6.30 pm. Meeting 7.00 pm.

FRI 24 JUNE

SOCIAL ECOLOGY groups everywhere - start your own - internationalist, decentralist, holistic, experimental. By-pass Westminster and Whitehall. Contact Peter Cadogan, 3, Hinchbrook House, Greville Road, London, NW6. Tel: 328-5709. Send stamps.

Conferences

Gender and the Voluntary Sector

8 July 1988

Day conference: details from Pat Marsden, Association of Researchers in Voluntary Action and Community Involvement, Unit 15, Trade Centre, Brook St, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9DP

(0206 22 4281)

Publications

LEO BAXENDALE (Creator of Minnie the Minx and Bash Street) on creativity, society and ideology: THE ENCROACHMENT Part 1 The study of a process of control. A work of history, a dissection of the ideologies of Capitalism and Patriarchy. £5.50 from Reaper Books, 11 Brockley Acres, Eastcombe, Stroud, Glos, GL6 7DU.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

AUTHORS INVITED submit manuscripts all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell, Dept 551, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Estab 1898) (0271) 62557.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928-2252. Olivier, (open stage) 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE. Lyttleton, (proscenium stage) THE CHANGELING. Cottesloe, (small stage) STRANGENESS OF OTHERS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928-2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-638-8891. Evening performances 7.30pm, Matinees 2pm Thursday & Saturday. BARBICAN THEATRE 17-18 June THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; 20-23 June TWELFTH NIGHT; 22-23 June JULIUS CAESAR; 24-25 June THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. THE PIT: 17-18 June TEMPTATION by *Valclev Havel;* 20-21 June THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY by *Cyril Tourneur;* 22-23 June FASHION by *Doug Lucie;* 24-25 June TEMPTATION.

Therapy

PROBLEM SOLVING THERAPY. Brief and efficient. 01-328 0472

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History; World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

Meetings

THEOSOPHY explains reincarnation, karma, God, man and nature. Talks, informal meetings Sun 8pm. SAE for free literature, book list. ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2.

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Holidays/Travel

SOUTHERN SPAIN Self-contained apartment in old Olive Mill, 12 miles from coast. Beautiful, unspoilt. Tel: 09276 6775.

CUBA SPECIAL Hotel 2 weeks half-board. August/September £699. Heathrow departure. Ashley Holidays 0709 544083.

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria. Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-506-2233. ATOL 1817.

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

GREECE. Unique late offer - 23rd July to 12th August for self-contained part of old farm-house North Evvia. Superb unspoilt surroundings, own beach, sleeps 6-8, two bathrooms and modern kitchen. £400 per week. Telephone: 01-635-0438.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

PAELLA EVERY Sunday on the flower terrace. Catalonia. Small, relaxed hotel, children welcome. Beaches, walking. 01-249-3727 or 010 3472 321202.

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Concessionary rates.

Heartsearch

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

PLATONICALLY ATTACHED alive Feminist, 49, seeks non-sexist, unpretentious male, 40-55, for occasional walks, talks, films etc. Central/West London. Box (24) 013.

LONDON BASED Caribbean academic, 45, into politics and education, seeks unattached female with good communicative skills and enjoy soul music, dancing and eating out. Box (24) 009.

MALE? Caring? Unattached? Non-Sexist? Yes?... There's a female graduate (24) who'd like to hear from you. Box (24) 014.

FORMER WELL-KNOWN, Female Tennis Star. Tall, slim, blonde. Now involved in sports science and enjoys regular golf, swimming, cycling, walking, theatre and music. Wishes to meet suitable male companion for lasting relationship. Age 40-50 preferred. Please send photo and some background details. Reply to Box (24) 012.

BRISTOL/BATH. Lively, 50ish woman, warm nature, many cultural/spiritual interests, creatively self-employed, seeks company of congenial, stable, solvent non-smoking man to share leisure, love, laughter and the occasional solemnity. Box (24) 010.

INDEPENDENT-MINDED but gentle woman sought by professional male, 50, with varied interests for friendship and hopefully a sharing relationship. Will return any photographs. Midlands/Wherever. Box (24) 015.

ALMOST RED-HEAD Often pretty, professional (f) with almost full life seeks (m) 35-48. Likes Puccini, Coltrane, Little Richard, walking, dancing, Freud. Photo, letter please. Non-smoker. N. London. Box (24) 016.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

WANTED! CSV urgently need 8 volunteers to work with disabled and also dependent people in Hereford and Worcestershire. Families, children and individuals all need help on a one-to-one basis for 4-6 months. Hard and rewarding work, free accommodation away from your project, weekly allowance of £35 plus travelling expenses paid. Could YOU do it? Contact CSV at The Old Quilt Factory, Worcester, WR1 3QN, or ring 0905 726624.

HOUNSLOW SUMMER Playscheme catering for children and young people with disabilities, requires volunteers. The Scheme is open Monday to Friday 25th July to 19th August. If you've a little spare time, please contact Beverley on 01-577-5154.

VOLUNTEER CARE STAFF required. The Newham CRYPT provides accommodation for up to 4 physically disabled adults who are interested in the arts. People are needed to work as Voluntary Care Staff. Duties will include seeing to both the physical and emotional needs of the residents. Board and lodgings are supplied. Telephone Jonine on 01-519-5137.

KIDS FAMILY CENTRE needs Volunteers for their Summer Holiday Playsheme for children with special needs from 2nd to 26th August. Expenses paid. For more details please contact Ms Tessa Everett, KIDS Family Centre, 80 Waynflete Square, London, W10 6UD. Telephone: 01-960-6767.

THE PETRUS COMMUNITY, Liverpool has vacancies arising for full-time resident volunteers at our inner-city hostels for the single homeless. Full board will be provided plus £35 p.w. pocket money. 18-25 years preferred. A minimum 6 months service. Off duty workers flat. Further details and application form from: John Jennings, Petrus Community, 82 Holt Road, Liverpool, L7 2PR. Tel: 051-263-4543 (9.30-5).

VOLUNTEER IS REQUIRED to help a comedy writer suffering from muscular disease to re-establish her career. He/she will accompany her to meetings and social events, workshops etc. and act as P.A., no personal care is involved. Your accommodation will be provided, in the writer's own home near Cambridge. The ability to drive is essential. Food allowance and generous pocket money provided. Minimum of six months. For further details & information contact Jean Murray, Walden House, Market Hill, Huntingdon. Tel: 0480 425535, between 9 am and 5 pm.

ISLINGTON MENCAP need a person to share a house with eight others, 6 of whom have a learning disability. Tenants are expected to live communally, sharing the cooking, shopping, cleaning and other communal activities. Rent is £25 per week inclusive. Please contact Paul Davies (support worker) at 404 Camden Road, London, N7 OSJ, tel 607-8762, for further information.

RELEASE: The Legal and Emergency Drugs Agency is looking for volunteers to help in their reception. We require volunteers from June 27th 1988, for a period of up to six months, but for no less than two. Reception and some computer training is offered and expenses will be paid. If you are interested and would like to know more please ring Release: on 01-377-5905, Mon-Fri, 10-6.

help

The HELP programme is a 5 minute local programme appearing at 6.25 on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of next week's programmes.

TUESDAY 21 JUNE
NO TRANSMISSION

WEDNESDAY 22 JUNE
NO TRANSMISSION

THURSDAY 23 JUNE – SHOESTRING SUMMER (2)

It's all very well knowing that if you're tired of London you're tired of life, etc. but what can you do in London if you are young, unemployed and penniless? The HELP programme has been looking at where you can afford to go, and where you can get special concessions. Write for our free booklet 'Shoestring Summer' to:

HELP (Shoestring Summer), P.O. Box 11, London, NW1 3HZ

or ring after the programme on 01 388 2388

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE
164/166 DRUMMOND STREET • LONDON • NW1 3HR •
TELEPHONE: 01-387-9494

ANTI-WAR SOCIAL Worker/Journalist needs urgent help for a long-term Peace Media campaign possible by-election expenses. The public's right to know the case against poverty producing armaments depends on more peace campaigning in the Press/TV. Write to John Connell for more details at 12, Mearns Way, Bishopbrigs, Glasgow.

MENCAP HOMES Foundation. We are looking for volunteers to befriend individual residents who are living in our home sited in Lambeth. We hope one-to-one relationships may develop to help broaden their interest and social activities. Please contact: E. Boyle for further information, Area Manager, Mencap Homes Foundation, 341 London Road, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 4BE or telephone 01-685-9958.

THE MAUDSLEY HOSPITAL needs volunteers to work with patients in a variety of ways, offering companionship to individuals, attending a social club, driving or advocacy. Hours to be as little as 2/3 a week. Travel expenses paid. For furhter information please get in touch with Mary Lawton or Una Lietch at The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5 8AZ, telephone: 01-703-6333.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED. If you are fit, able to drive, have 2 to six months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person in their own accomodation, then I have a place for you. Volunteers receive £35 per week + free accommodation and good support. For more details contact Alan 01-736-8555 West London.

THINKING OF A CAREER IN Community Care? SHAD is in need of volunteers to work 4-6 months with severely disabled people living in their own homes. £37 p.w. allowance + free accommodation in South London. We offer good support and friendly surroundings; excellent work experience. Women and drivers are especially needed. Please contact Sue/Karen, SHAD, Wandsworth The Nightingale Centre, No.8, Balham Hill, London, SW12 or phone 01-675-6095.

THE LEONARD CHESHIRE Foundation runs Homes for handicapped adults (mainly the physically disabled) throughout the UK. Voluntary workers required in some Homes to assist with the physical care of residents & their social activities. Approx. 3-12 months. Free B. and L. Pocket money £20 p.w. min. Preferred age 18 (minimum) to 30. Application form from Valerie Costello at The Leonard Cheshire Foundation, 26-29 Maunsel Street, London, SW1P 2QN. Telephone 01-828-1822.

NATIONAL COUNCIL For Civil Liberties is looking for a Volunteer for 1 or half a day a week to help maintain and develop its press cuttings files on civil liberties issues. Please contact Chris Jones at NCCL, 21 Tabard St., London, SE1 4LA, tel: 403 3888.

CLAPHAM Community Project require volunteer legal advice workers, for their Tuesday evening drop in sessions (7-8pm). There is a receptionist, typing is undertaken by the Project, & an advice worker is in attendance at the sessions. Contact Peter Bird on 01-720-8731 or 01-622-2042.

PREPARATION for the Anti-Apartheid Movement's Nelson Mandela: Freedom at 70 campaign is reaching its last stages. Can you spare 1 hour or more to help in the AAM HQ? If so, please call Pat Taber on 01-388-2798. Travel expenses are met and all help is greatly valued.

EXCITING FULL-TIME Placements. The North London Independent Living Project now has vacancies for volunteers. If you can drive, like the idea of a semi-communal unstructured environment and are looking for the experience of being part of a progressive community project concerned with promoting independence and freedom for those people with disabilities then ring 01-959-0253 or write to: NLILP, 5, Ash Close, Edgware, Middx. Accommodation, expenses, etc provided. Join us in promoting social equality.

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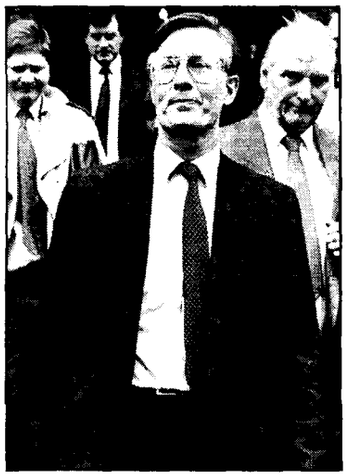
ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

IF THE CAP FITS

No 72



Herewith a photo of that most aristocra...oops...working-class of people, Michael Meacher, £200,000 the poorer, outside the High Court on Saturday after losing his battle against the *Observer*, which had hinted that perhaps he had hidden certain facts about his background to appeal more to the rank and file in the Labour Party. Captions, speech or thinks bubbles on a postcard please, to be in by Monday 27 June. £10 book token to the winner.

No 70: Winner

Raisa: **несклáдный сýка.**
Nancy: "Likewise, I'm sure."
(L Casement, London.)

No 3030 Set by E O Parrott
Mills & Boon story in verse please. 16 lines max. In by 29 June.

No 3027 Set by E O Parrott
Misleading advice to beginners in the game of life.

Report by Ms de Meaner
Not a brilliant set this week, I feel. Perhaps you ought to have a rest some of you and go on hol. I might even be persuaded to lend some of you my little cottage in Val d'Isere for the duration. Perhaps Petty, Fagg, Greenwell, Parrott and Rogers could all go together and spend warm evenings knocking back the *genepi*. Come to think of it, my darlings, I could come with you and leave the other two in control. Bliss! But back to the entries. I took some advice from A Boteman and tidied up your manuscripts while adding a few funny lines – if there'd been a few more fivers I might have tried even harder to save your bacons. Anyway, £8 to the winners, plus an extra £2 to Hamish Soutar: some old jokes there, but done with style and panache.

To Weekend Competition judges
There is no need to read the entries. Just keep awarding the prizes to the same familiar names: Petty, Greenwell, Fagg, Parrott, Rogers, etc. Remember to keep your report as long as possible. Competitors are far more interested in reading your stuff about your own goings-on than winning prizes and getting their rubbish printed.

C Fever

To would-be authors
Publishers like to feel they are doing their bit. They expect to tidy up your manuscript, eliminate the coffee stains, number the pages etc. Famous authors are only too happy to help beginners. Send your ms with a request to put the spelling right, add a few funny lines and you will always get a sympathetic response. No need for an sae. Literary magazines are anxious to hear from you. If you want your book reviewed, just drop the editor a line and a review will appear. There is a standard fee, £5, so pop a fiver in with your letter.

A Boteman

To young lawyers
Judges are always right. (If a judge is wrong the Court of Appeal will put things right.)
A defendant never tells the truth. (If a defendant does turn out, after conviction, to have been telling the truth the Court of Appeal will put things right.)
The prosecution is always right. Police notebooks are totally reliable especially when kept in pencil.
In civil cases nobody tells the truth.

John Stanley

To police recruits
For a successful career in the Metropolitan Police, it is imperative that you be well educated and mentally agile. Brains are the road to promotion. If you detect any "rotten" apples among your colleagues, be sure to report them. No police officer who turns a blind eye to wrongful behaviour on the part of his colleagues will ever be trusted. The modern force recognises that everyone has rights. That includes women, black people and gays. Making clear that you respect their rights will help you up the ladder. Last but not least, be human. Laugh at yourself, show the public a happy face, share a joint with a Rasta.

Basil Ransome-Davis

To MPs
In the chamber: As a new boy (or girl), you will be expected to sit at the front.
Speeches: Your maiden speech should be read from a prepared script and last about 45 minutes. Preface your remarks: "About bloody time, too, Mr Speaker...".
Pairing: If you are absent from the House, your "pair" (spouse or lover – but not both at the same time) can attend in your place.
Voting: At the end of a debate, the Speaker calls: "The eyes to the right, the nose to the left." Remain seated while attempting this facial contortion, or your vote won't be counted.

Hamish Soutar

To embryonic entrepreneurs
1. Be absolutely honest and scrupulous in all your dealings.
2. Never donate to the Tory Party funds – this will certainly not win you any favours from the government and may even be seen as a form of bribery.
3. Let your peers and fellow businesspersons know you subscribe to New Statesman & Society. Your desire for truth and enlightenment will impress them.

William A Paterson

No to Pinochet!

Support the

CHILE VENCERA

Campaign!

We will be funding another volunteer brigade to Chile in January 89 to assist progressive organisations in the townships and rural areas.

DONATIONS AND OTHER HELP URGENTLY NEEDED

Contact Chile Solidarity Campaign, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London, N7 Telephone 01-272-4298

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CHESS

To tell the truth, I find the way the media pick up stories of chess prodigies and whizz-kids quite nauseating. No serious interest, but we'd like the chance of gawping at something freakish. We ought to declare how healthy and normal it is for young people to excel at chess. Michael Adams, at 16 years old,is already an accomplished IM with a win against Kasparov (in a simultaneous display) to his credit. To take a recent game that reveals his great talent, if Black commits a deadly sin at move 19, the tactical exploitation is still quite dazzling:

Adams-Djurovic, Lloyds Bank Under–21, London 1988. Sicilian Defence.
1. e4 c5 2. Nf3 d6 3. d4 cxd4 4. Nxd4 Nf6 5. Nc3 a6 6. Be3 Largely through the efforts of Nunn, Short and Chandler, this has become a fashionable weapon against the Najdorf Sicilian. **e6 7. Qd2 Be7 8. f3 0-0 9. 0-0-0 Nc6 10. g4 Nxd4 11. Bxd4 b5 12. g5 Nd7 13. h4 Rb8** Mysteriously neglecting the c-file. **14. Rg1 b4 15. Ne2 Qc7 16. Kb1 Bb7 17. h5 d5 18. g6 e5 19. gxh7+ Kxh7?** A fundamental piece of defensive technique in such positions is to use the pawn as a shield between the King and the enemy pieces. Here 19. . . Kh8! was an absolute necessity. **20. Bh3! f5** Mate is forced if Black takes the piece: 20. . . exd4 21. Rxg7+ Kxg7 22. Rg1+ Kf6 23. Qg5 or 22. . . Kh7 23. Bf5+ and 24. Qh6. **21. Nf4! Rf6** Everything is losing for Black, eg 21. . . exd4 22. Rxg7+ and 23. Ne6+. **22.Bxf5+ Rxf5 23. exf5 Bf6 24. Ne6 Qd6 25. Be3 Nf8 26. Bc5 1–0.**

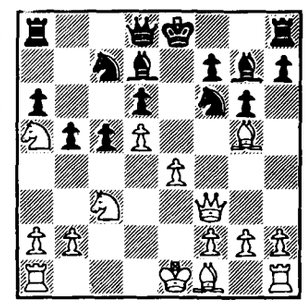
This was from a squad championship, which Adams won for the third consecutive year. Nothing, however, is likely to cap the understudy-plays a-blinder tale of the **Watson Farley & Williams Challenge** (27 May – 7 June). Matthew Sadler, 14 years old and already one IM norm this year, was standing by as reserve. When one of his elders dropped out, he seized the chance with a display of attacking chess. This game from the penultimate round sealed another international master performance:

Sadler-Hebden, London 1988. King's Indian.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 g6 3. Nc3 Bg7 4. e4 d6 5. f3 0-0 6. Bg5 Nc6 7. Nge2 a6 8. Qd2 Rb8 9. Rc1 In this variation White used to play 0-0-0 followed by the double-edged business of attack on opposite wings. Then Petrosian revealed another treatment: Rd1, Nc1-b3, Be2 and 0-0. Sadler has his own ideas and produces a third layout. **Re8 10. b3 Bd7** Black postpones...e7-e5 until White moves the Ne2, so that he can meet d4-d5 with . . . Nd4. But after White's next that idea has to be called off for good. **11. d5 Na7 12. Ng3 c5 13. Bd3 b5 14. 0-0 e6 15. dxe6 Bxe6 16. Nd5 nc6 17. f4** White appears to have complete domination. But Mark Hebden starts a counter-action on the Queen's wing. **Bxd5 18. exd5 Qa5 19. Qd1 Nb4 20. f5 Nd7 21. Bb1** Introducing an imaginative sacrificial idea—Sadler allows Black to help himself to the Rc1. But is it really as good as the simple 21. Ne4? **Bd4+ 22. Kh1 Nxa2 23. Qg4 Ne5 24. Qh4 Nxc1 25. Ne4 Ned3?** Letting White in on f6. The only move was 25. . . Nd7!, after which I don't see a forced win for White, though he certainly has a strong attack. **26. fxg6 hxg6 27. Nf6+ Bxf6 28. Bxf6 Nf2+ 29. Kg1 1-0.**

Does Sadler bear comparison with Short and Fischer? Remember that at 14 Bobby Fischer won the US championship and the following year, 1958, qualified for the world championship Candidates Tournament. Still, perhaps it was easier in those days. There weren't any would-be-Fischers around then.

Solution to last week's position [8/4k1r1/1p1n1p1q/1PpPpB1p/p1P1P2P/3K3Q/P7/5R2], which was from **Z. Polgar-Christiansen, Wellington 1988:** Larry Christiansen struck with **55. . . Nxc4!** with the point that after 56. Kxc4 Qd2 there is no satisfactory defence to the threat of 57 . . . Qd4 mate (57. Qd3 Qb4, 57. Qc3 Qxa2+ 58. Kd3 Rg3+). The game ended: **56. Rf2 Qc1 57. Bc8 Qd1+ 58. Kc3 Qd4+ 0–1.**

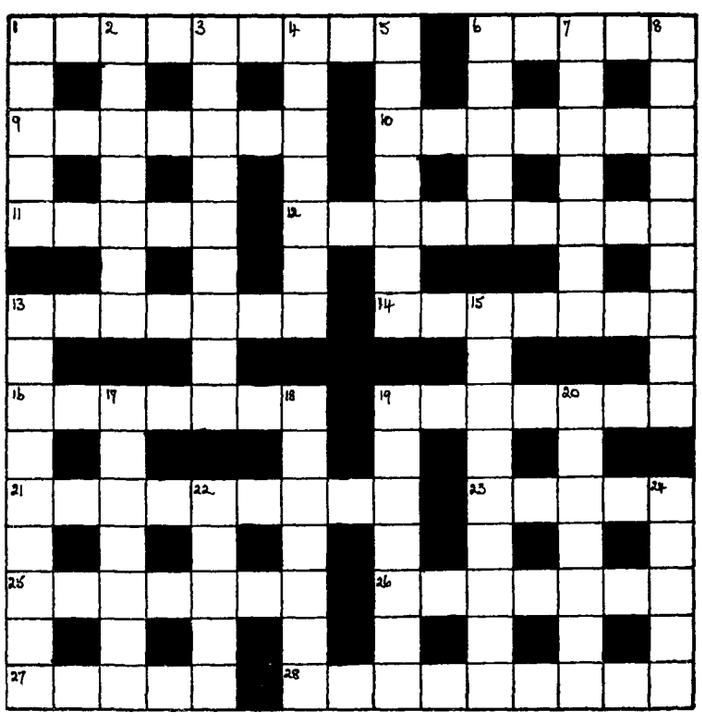
This week's diagram is taken from **Sadler-Stratil, Oakham Junior International 1988.** How should White (to play) continue?



George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1598, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 27 June.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

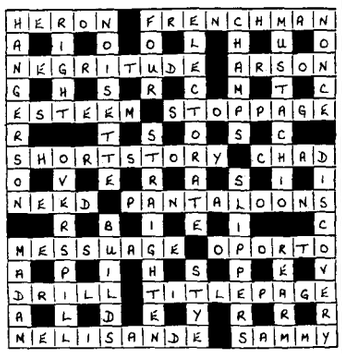
Crossword 1598

ACROSS
1. Great performers make war about stage turns (9)
6. Day of grief if the tragedy occurs (5)
9. Reveals due variation in one's studies (7)
10. Biblical character goes back into a North African place to discover a bird (7)
11. A king would make her red (5)
12. Mother, I desire to return as there are beautiful trees (9)
13. Compensations when the old woman is getting on (7)
14. Woman ruler found in China (7)
16. Signify agreement about the fruit being knotty (7)
19. Just the busybody to spoil the story (7)
21. The cloud then breaks, revealing everything (9)
23. Half of them got to know an insect (5)
25. Study shape and follow pattern (7)
26. Unpleasant but a change of heart could produce a return of feeling (7)
27. What you are trying to do (5)
28. Desires which make youth pay (9)

DOWN
1. Less than tiny insect (5)
2. Something to wear which gives one gravity in the midst of drink and food (7)
3. An incidental illustration is given up with pleasure (9)
4. Believes different sums are in the main reversed (7)
5. The weapon got entangled in the middle of the word of command (7)
6. Corpulent person puts a former part of the army into a ministry (5)
7. Film-maker who shows that nothing turns up in a wasted life (7)
8. Hid things in the confusion, showing wisdom after the event (9)
13. Runs down animals behind their lair (9)
15. A winger on being transferred becomes a foreigner (9)
17. Church leader's vessel is in port (7)
18. Where to get a place to live in a few hours (7)
19. Without fine fare Mary would still have a party (7)
20. Satire made by a rogue about a politician (7)
22. Love the area for its healthy atmosphere (5)
24. Is full as the river round Minehead (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1596



Prizewinners to 1596

Peter Miller (Leicester)
Mrs P. Baldwin (Chorley, Lancs.)
Peter G. Rogers (London SE3)

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BACKCHAT

Michelene Wandor makes an unfashionable lament for the decline of manners.

It must be axiomatic that if you are a freelance writer you live in a constant state of almost unrelieved paranoia; real or imagined. Each individual piece of work has to be auditioned for; if you're flavour of the month, you might disappear from view when the month ends. You only know whether you've had a good year when it's over; and the loyal and devoted publisher or director or editor can go off you in the blink of an eyelid. Such insecurity produces an extraordinarily intense reliance on matters of good manners. Little things like acknowledgements of phone calls, people answering letters, party invitations (which you might hardly ever go to, but desperately need) and being greeted with a simple but friendly "hello" on the rare occasions when you venture out into the big world of pubs, cafes and restaurants.

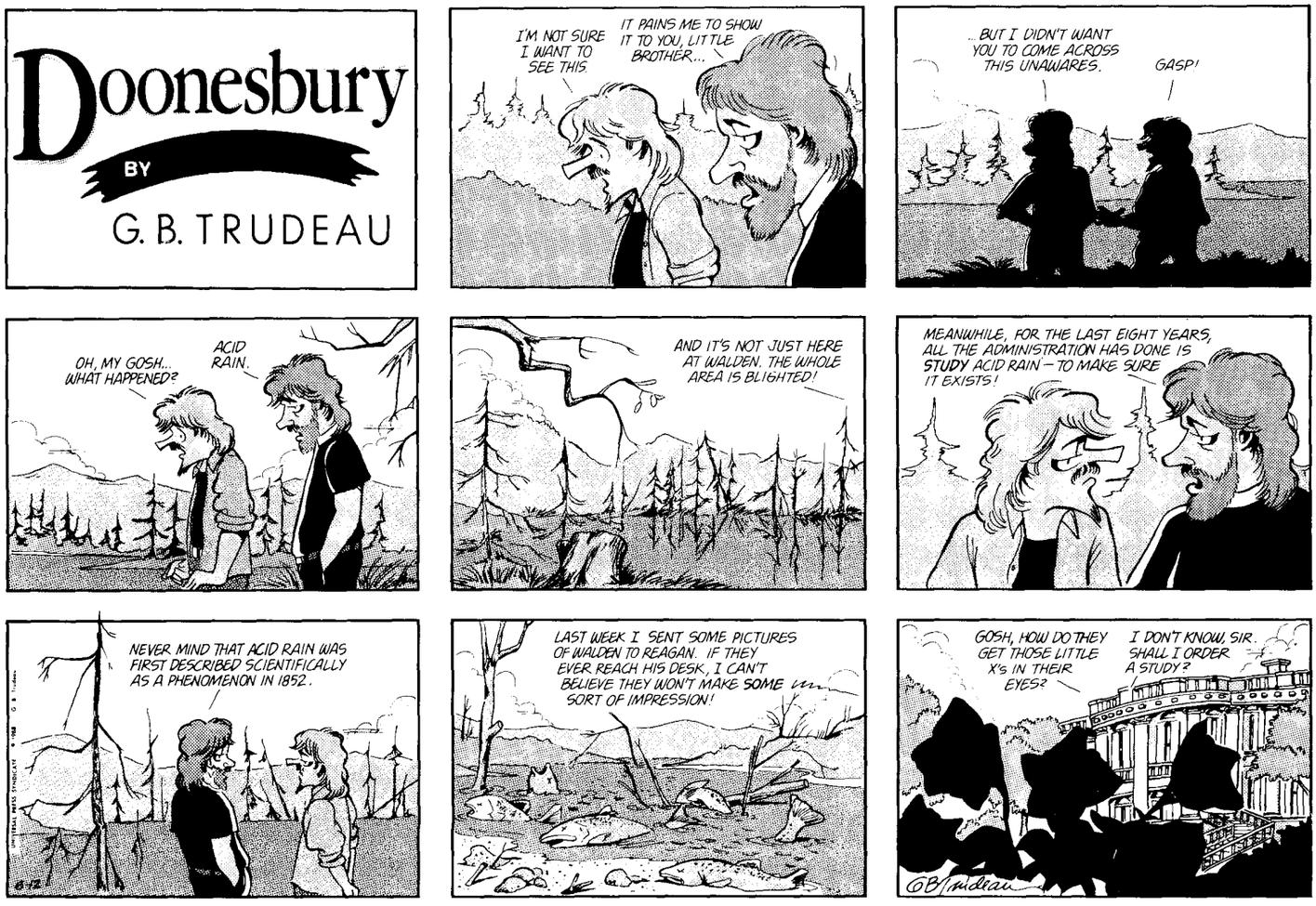
These passing recognitions that you exist in the real world assume massive importance, and I have to admit that they became significant to me well before I assumed the privileges of writer's paranoia. It was in fact when I left home to go to university. There, in the relatively small community of the Cambridge colleges, was a world in which you constantly saw people in the streets in passing, at lectures, wandering between buildings. And the sense of community had to be constantly bonded by nods, waves, the occasional word. No need for small talk, no need for meaningful philosophical discourse in traffic jams, just the small chirrups that said we belong here, we are part of the same world.

How potent, then, was the cut in the street, the face that resolutely avoided you, the figure on the other side of the road who absolutely saw you and then couldn't be bothered to acknowledge you. Every time that happened to me, I would fume for a week; no explanations about someone being preoccupied or in a hurry or just absent-minded ever satisfied me. I had been excluded from the world and had to wait till the next "hello" to be brought back in.

At Cambridge I met people who had gone to posh public schools and been rigorously trained in manners: unlike me, trained for little more than dogged, aspirational survival. These people had been taught never to ask for the salt to be passed, but always to be senssitive to the fact that someone else might need it; to spend five minutes talking to the person on their right, and then ditto on their left. That way, no one would be excluded, and everyone would (in theory) be able to make everyone else feel wanted and interesting.

I must admit I still admire this as a model of how to behave. It is far more practical than empty forms of chivalry; and although I have never become very adept in it myself (if I want the salt, I bloody well ask for it), its ideals seem to me admirable, in work and play. All the more so, as manners of even the most simple kind seem to be falling away in those parts of the media that the conglomerates and ratings battles now reach. Phone calls unreturned, letters unanswered, people without even the courtesy to turn down a work proposal politely. There are, of course, exceptions, but not enough.

The other day I thought an acquaintance had cut me in the street. The 20-year-old ex-grammar-school pupil in me fumed at being rejected by the public-school success. Then I confronted her with it. Oh, she said, she was terribly sorry; she had just had some very bad news about a friend and she hadn't seen me. Well, of course, I wanted to believe her, although my friend Paranoia was urging me not to. In the end my goodwill won, but it was a pretty close thing. Paranoia is a dangerous chaperone.


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO SEE THIS.
IT PAINS ME TO SHOW IT TO YOU, LITTLE BROTHER...
..BUT I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO COME ACROSS THIS UNAWARES.
GASP!
OH, MY GOSH.. WHAT HAPPENED?
ACID RAIN.
AND IT'S NOT JUST HERE AT WALDEN. THE WHOLE AREA IS BLIGHTED!
MEANWHILE, FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS, ALL THE ADMINISTRATION HAS DONE IS STUDY ACID RAIN — TO MAKE SURE IT EXISTS!
NEVER MIND THAT ACID RAIN WAS FIRST DESCRIBED SCIENTIFICALLY AS A PHENOMENON IN 1852.
LAST WEEK I SENT SOME PICTURES OF WALDEN TO REAGAN. IF THEY EVER REACH HIS DESK, I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY WON'T MAKE SOME SORT OF IMPRESSION!
GOSH, HOW DO THEY GET THOSE LITTLE X's IN THEIR EYES?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR. SHALL I ORDER A STUDY?

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